Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 17, 1955 / 20¢

What do We Say to the World?

EIGHT EXPERTS DEBATE AND DISCUSS AMERICA'S OVERSEAS INFORMATION PROGRAM

Edward L. Bernays

Leo Cherne

Fleur Cowles

George Gallup

Palmer Hoyt

Victor Lasky

John Lear

Horace Sutton

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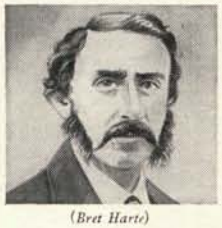
(*Jack London*)

A San Francisco merchant seaman submitted a newspaper article referring to a visit the famous author, Jack London, made to his good friend, Martin Eden. He brought him a bottle of Old Crow as a gift, and then proposed a toast, "Skaal to the Old Crow, Martin—it is best!"

*



(*Bret Harte*)

A Winnetka lecturer discovered a book in which it is stated that Mark Twain, whose favorite whiskey was Old Crow, invited author Bret Harte to his Connecticut home. Here Twain and his house guest joined in a drink to celebrate Harte's completion of one of his most entertaining stories.

*

(*Gov. Rob't Letcher*)

A Kentucky scholar uncovered an original letter from Governor Robert Letcher of Kentucky written in 1849, advising his friend, Orlando Brown, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs in Washington, D. C.: "Never open your mouth unless it is to swallow a 'leetle' drop of the Old Crow."

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AS GENERAL ELECTRIC SEES IT.

Here are 5 ways to

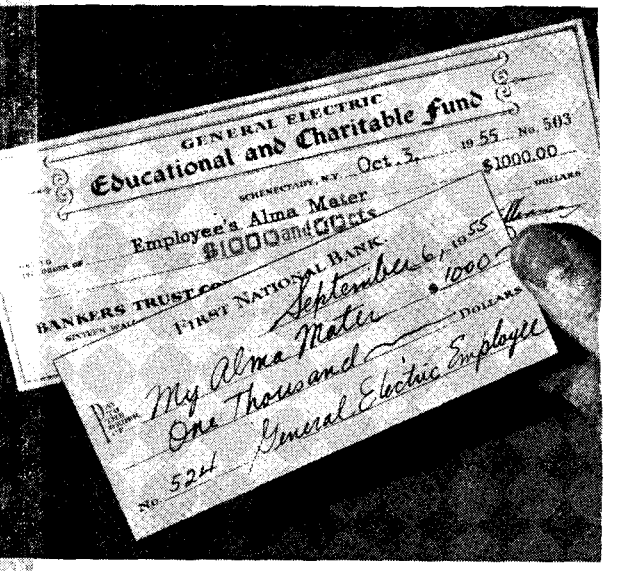
For every 5 new engineers industry needed this year, there were only 3 graduated from U. S. colleges

In 1955, U. S. industry had jobs for an estimated 37,000 engineers; our colleges graduated 21,500.* This shortage, typical of recent years, is creating an increasingly serious problem — for engineers and scientists hold the key to progress in this swift-moving technological age.

At General Electric, for example, nearly 17,500 of our people are trained in engineering or science, and we have opportunities for a thousand more technically trained people each year. The need may double in the next 10 years.

As we see it, industry, working with educational institutions, can do much to solve the shortage. On these two pages are some of the things we believe will help:

*Estimates are from the Engineering Manpower Commission of the Engineers Joint Council.



3. Help schools financially. Nearly half of U. colleges operate in the red. Since 1922, G.E aid-to-education program has included fellowshi scholarships, and other financial support. In ad tion, the General Electric Educational and Cha itable Fund matches, dollar for dollar up to $1,00 year, contributions by each employee to his colleg

For a detailed discussion of our views on "Basic Relations Between Education and the Economy," write General Electric, Department E2-119, Schenectady, New York.

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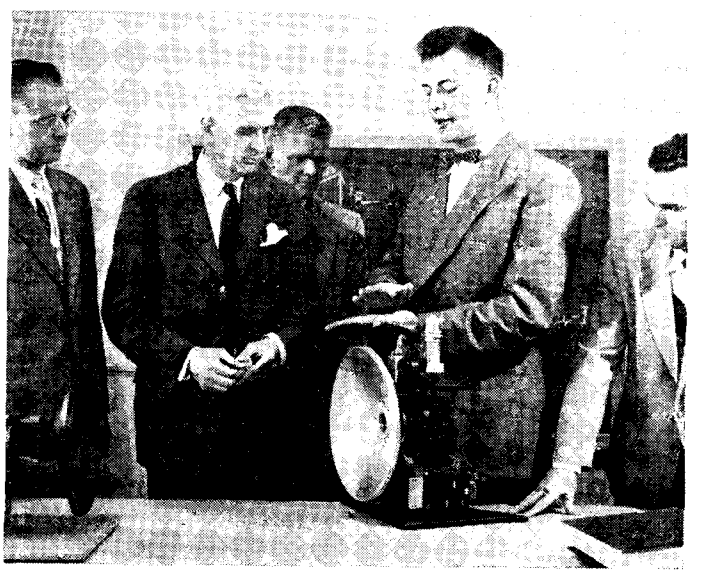
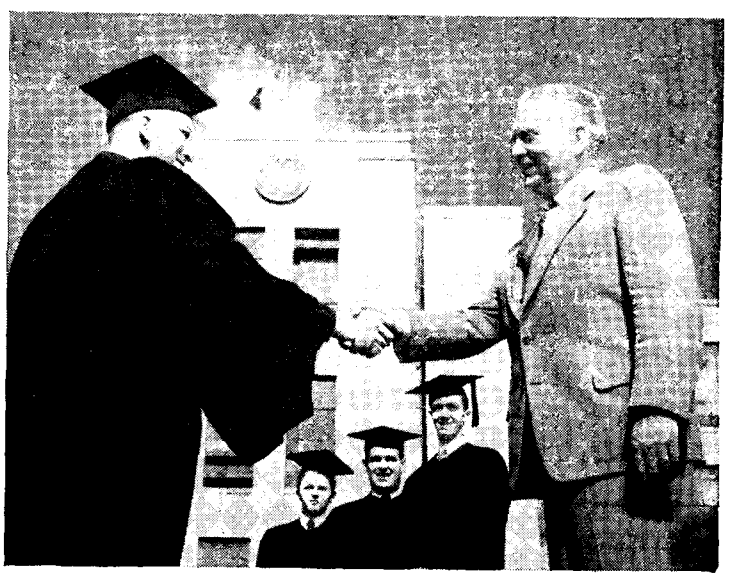
elp solve America's critical shortage of engineers

Help guide young people's careers. More high-school students will take the courses they need to become engineers if they know the wide opportunities in the field. Since the 1920's, General ectric has tried to create interest by distributing a variety of school aining aids. (Above, a teacher counsels students, using a E career guidance booklet, "Why Study Math?") In the past 10 ars, schools have requested 63,000,000 copies of our training aids.

2. Bring businessmen and educators together. An understanding of the role math and science play in business can help teachers prepare students for careers. The group above is the latest of 1,450 high-school teachers to attend G.E.-sponsored summer fellowship programs. Here they have the opportunity to study at several leading colleges and to see firsthand the value of their work to business. We have also conducted conferences for college educators since 1924.



Educate employees on the job. The development of young people must continue after they start to work. At General Electric, have 12 formal educational programs; the oldest — Engineering was started nearly 60 years ago. (Above, Clarence Linder, Vice-esident — Engineering Services, reviews work of engineers en-led in our Creative Engineering Program.) More than 10,000 tech-ally trained men and women have participated in these programs.



5. Encourage self-development. Young people with aptitude should be helped to move ahead. For example, the young men above joined our Apprentice Training Program as high-school graduates in 1949; this year they are graduate engineers from the U. of New Hampshire after a 6-year work-and-study program sponsored by our Meter Department. Donald E. Craig, General Manager of the Department, congratulates the men and welcomes them to full-time jobs.

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THE DONKEY AND THE THISTLES

He was hungry all right, but not for any of the food he was packing out to the field hands for lunch. That didn't tempt him a bit.

Then he spotted some delightful looking thistles. No donkey could pass them up, of course, so he sat down and munched happily away. Which was just Aesop's way of saying that one man's meat is, indeed, another man's poison.

And in this business of investing, that's a point well taken.

Some people should stick to stocks that are comparatively safe—stocks that don't fluctuate too widely in price and have an unbroken history of dividend payments.

Others can afford greater risk for the sake of a greater return on their money.

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And of course, there are others who, quite frankly, shouldn't buy stocks at all, who should take care of a home, insurance, and a fund for emergencies, first.

What should you do in your own situation? Which stocks should you buy? We'll be happy to prepare the most suitable program we can to fit your funds, your objectives.

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gathered by

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Sally, Charley's pixillated airplane-flying Smith College "priestess in sneakers."

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TRADE Winds

IT WAS ON FRIDAY, JULY 29, that telephone calls began puzzling the Viking Press. First somebody connected with "Monitor," the weekend NBC radio show, called. Could they have the home address and telephone number of Willy Ley? Next ABC-TV wanted a copy of each of Willy Ley's books, especially "The Conquest of Space" and "Beyond the Space Frontier." Then *The New York Post* wished to get in touch with Willy instantly. It seems that he had predicted that man would launch an earth satellite within eight years and the prediction had been made seven-and-one-half years ago. That's how Viking learned that the U. S. was announcing preparations to launch the first earth satellite. Once again the written word had heralded the actuality.

WHEN—SEVERAL WEEKS AGO—I announced the presence in the Telephone Company's Red Book of a classification headed "Writers" I promised to do some research. The Authors League of America was unable to supply me with any information, nor did I have any luck when I attempted to contact a few of the people listed under that classification. They were probably off on summer vacations. However, I am indebted to John Waldman, assistant professor of English and director of the Reading Laboratory at Pace College, New York City. He's one of those who have been so listed and, in a recent

letter, he explains why. It seems that when he got out of the Army in 1945 the telephone shortage still persisted. It was almost impossible to get a residence telephone but one could get a business phone. So, being a writer (he had edited an Army publication), he obtained a telephone on the basis of his writing and therefore was then and since listed as a writer in the Red Book. He informs me that the listing resulted in his being awakened once in the middle of the night by a man who said he had a plot and wanted a collaborator. I gather that Mr. Waldman politely refused this opportunity. I hope he got back to sleep.

WRITERS WHO ARE not necessarily looking for a collaborator, but who *are* looking for an environment under which serious writing can be seriously undertaken should be glad to know that the MacDowell Colony in New Hampshire will hereafter be open the year round. Since 1910 the colony has offered a summer workplace to writers, composers, painters, and sculptors. It has played host to such

distinguished writers as Stephen Vincent Benét and his brother, William Rose Benét, Willa Cather, Julia Peterkin, Edwin Arlington Robinson, and Thornton Wilder. I gather that at the MacDowell Colony you may obtain for a very small sum a cabin providing perfect solitude and access to central halls providing food and recreation. I am told that writers desiring winter residence (which is available for periods as long as six months) should file their application with the MacDowell Association, 1083 Fifth Avenue, New York. Such applications should be made immediately.

IT SEEMS THAT SOMEBODY RECENTLY asked Houghton Mifflin's Lovell Thompson to distinguish between "abridged" and "condensed." Lovell's answer: "One is the leg of the beast; the other is the beast shrunk."

Condensations of literary works are increasingly familiar phenomena. I am told that many condensations are quite good and well serve the reader who has limited reading time. On the other hand, I happen to believe that at least one condensation served neither the writer of the work nor the reader of the condensation at all well.

I happen to be an ardent fan of C. S. Forester and when *Life* magazine announced publication in advance of the book of a condensed version of "The Good Shepherd" I haunted a

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newsstand until that issue of *Life* was delivered. The condensation was in two parts. I didn't haunt the newsstand for the second part. I was too disappointed. It seemed to me that here Forester had slipped. He had told the story of a destroyer escort's commander during a day or so of fighting off a North Atlantic submarine wolf-pack in World War II. In the condensation I found only the bare bones of the story: the things that happened hour by hour, the undersea sounds of lurking subs, the dropping of depth bombs, the changing of watches and—far below Forester's usual standard—some mounting tension. Weeks later I was sent a copy of the full-length book. At first I wasn't going to read it; the condensation had convinced me that the book would not be worth the time. But finally I read it anyhow and discovered that "The Good Shepherd" is for me one of the very finest novels Forester ever wrote.

The book, you see, contained all that *Life* had excerpted from it but it also contained the characters at full length —particularly the character of the escort's commander. The book was a fine and full and rewarding reading experience. The condensation had been to me merely a so-so piece of journalism. I was reminded of what a certain wise man once said to me. "Have you ever noticed how much longer the abbreviated version of 'Hamlet' seems than the full, uncut original?"

HOW MANY WORDS would you think were the maximum for the cheapest straight telegram? Uh, huh—that's what I thought, and that's what Mar-

garet Farrar thought not so long ago.

Margaret Farrar started out as a very junior employe of Mr. Pulitzer on the still lamented *New York World*. That was back in the early Twenties when crossword puzzles were new and when Margaret's last name was Petherbridge. She was given the job of editing the *World's* crossword puzzles and subsequently she became co-editor of Simon and Schuster's long line of crossword puzzle books. Somewhere along the way she married John Farrar, the publisher, and nowadays her New York puzzles are signed by her married name. Well,

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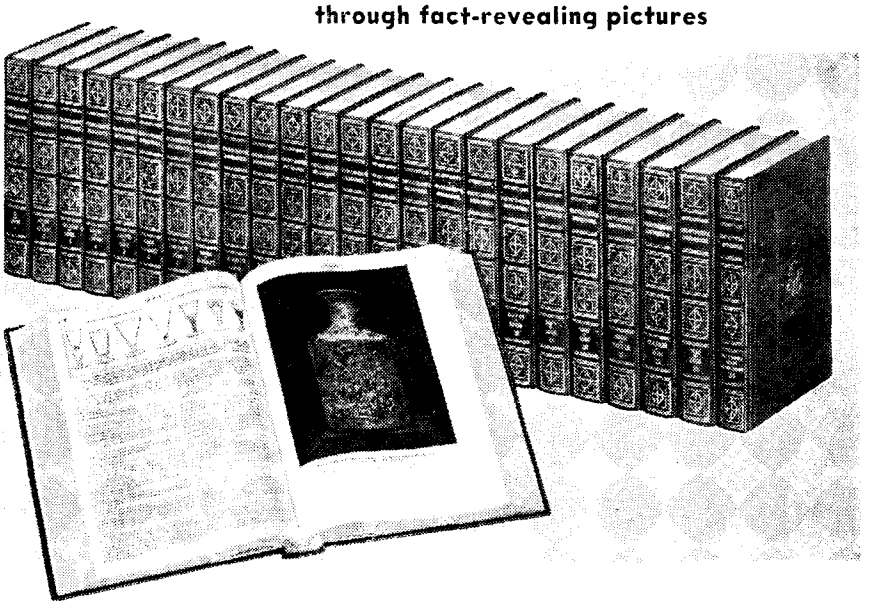

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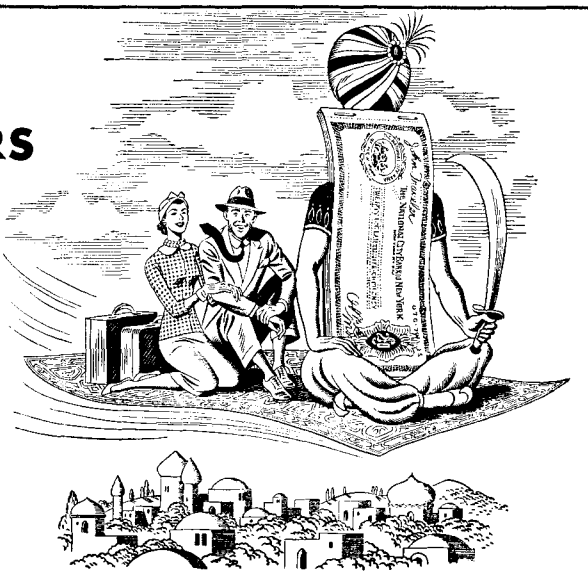

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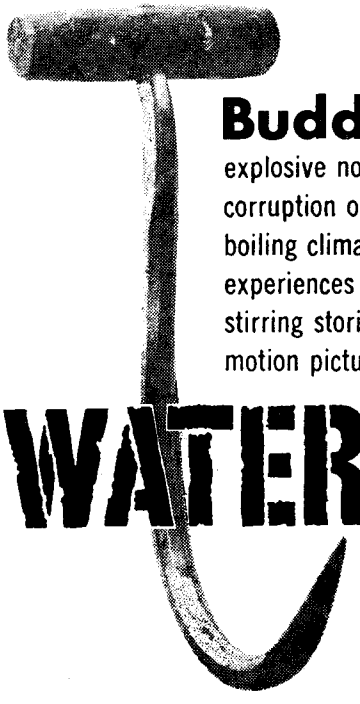

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Abram Chasins Looks at
"THE TWO JOSEFS"
(LHEVINNE AND HOFMANN)

it seems that not so long ago she gave the following definition: "Tenth word in a telegram." The answer, of course, was "LOVE." From an executive of Western Union she received a prompt correction. For some years now the maximum words in the cheapest straight wire have been fifteen; so it is no longer necessary to cramp your telegraphic style to "ARRIVED SAFELY AFTER PLEASANT TRIP GRANDMA AND CHILDREN FINE LOVE." You may now, at no additional cost, add some such cheery phrase as: "THINK YOU ARE RIDICULOUS."

A NUMBER OF BOSTONIANS have written me saying that, in a recent column, I confused the Boston Common with the Botanical Gardens. I know darn well I did and I intend to go on so confusing them. The difference has been explained to me on numerous occasions by various Bostonians, and I find it much more relaxing to continue confusing them than to understand the difference. For me that whole stretch of park land beginning in front of the Ritz and ending at the entrance to Houghton Mifflin is the Boston Common. I am indebted to C. Glynn Fraser, associate secretary of the Menninger Foundation (lots of mail from Kansas this week) for the information that—in order to hold its franchise as a common—a cow must be let loose on Boston Common annually and be permitted to graze. Nowadays they have to send all the way out to Wellesley or Ipswich for a cow to perform this legalizing function.

SEEMS THAT A FEW WEEKS AGO Doubleday's editor Ken McCormick telephoned Rose Franken at her country place. He wanted to talk to her about the book she is now working on, "Intimate Story." The telephone rang a long time before Miss Franken answered. She then explained that everybody had been down at the swimming pool and had been unable to hear the telephone. "How then," asked Ken with cold logic, "did you happen to answer it?" "That's easy," said Miss Franken. "The parrot heard the telephone, put her head out the open window and called, 'Telephone's ringing, telephone's ringing'." I have since learned that "Intimate Story" is a novel. When I first heard about it I thought it might be a personal memoir, in which event I was going to suggest to Doubleday that they call it "Franken Speakly."

—ALAN GREEN.

TRADE WINDS *is being conducted by Alan Green while Bennett Cerf is on vacation.*

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SEPTEMBER 17, 1955

WHAT DO WE SAY TO THE WORLD?

Since the end of the war almost everyone has recognized the need for an overseas program to maintain America's position on the battlefront of world public opinion. But there has been something of a battlefront at home regarding the most effective way of accomplishing the desired objective. Meanwhile the Soviet world strategy in recent months has shifted its emphasis from the military to the political. All this makes it all the more important that our own program should be more than merely defensive. The editors have asked Edward L. Bernays, one of America's leading authorities on government information services and propaganda strategy, and who is chairman of the National Committee for an Adequate Overseas U.S. Information Program, to discuss the aims of his group. Following the views of other members of the Committee, SR *has added a dissenting opinion by Victor Lasky (former newspaperman and publisher) and an original suggestion about the information programs by John Lear (of the Research Institute of America). On page 38 Horace Sutton tells what is really thought of Americans abroad.*

1. Unpopularity Is Unnecessary

By EDWARD L. BERNAYS, *publicist, and founder of the National Committee for an Adequate Overseas U. S. Information Program.*

MANY of America's leaders know that our official overseas information program is vitally important to our national strength. They know that our power comes not only from military and economic resources and that it cannot be effective without other peoples' good will. Unfortunately, the country as a whole isn't so interested. And for other reasons it is difficult to make sure that people in other lands receive an accurate picture of the United States.

In the first place, we have no monolithic political center that controls at the source everything done and said. The essence of our democracy is to permit and encourage free expression of conflicting voices. We need and like discordant voices raised on all sorts of issues. But our enemies, if it serves their purpose, do not hesitate to build up our conflicts and deviations and treat them as if they were normal and usual. They distort American values and twist our meanings.

Another problem is the multiplicity of unofficial channels of communication to the rest of the world. American and foreign press services carry reports of various kinds to foreign people. Books ranging from comic books to university publications, from magazines to other printed matter, carry messages about America. Motion pictures influence opinion. Tourists, traveling salesmen, and official American representatives create our image.

As a result, the picture is confused. This confusion is exploited by Soviet machinery for spreading negative images of us everywhere. The Soviet machine attempts to deflate any attitudes favorable to America. It represents us as a warmongering and imperialistic people. The all-powerful Soviet state permits the Communists to control the content and media of propaganda not only within their country but also outside. It is a strange picture of the United States that billions of people may get from all this.

Though we as a people are not yet fully convinced that ideas and words are powerful weapons of offense and defense, the Congress of the United States established the U.S. Information Agency to handle overseas information. In 1955-1956 about $80,000,000 dollars will be spent for this work. Compared to the Soviet expenditure (reported to be between $1 and $2 billion a year) this is a very small amount. We are spending

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only about 2/10 of 1 per cent of our military budgets. But an increased budget (and I believe it should be larger) will not by itself solve all problems.

We must as individuals give stature to this activity. We must ensure that agency officials carry out policy without sacrificing principle to expediency.

We must obtain Congressional legislative cooperation for a good program. The service must function continuously and smoothly and attract first-class personnel. A joint legislative Congressional committee, similar to the Joint Congressional Atomic Committee, might be appointed to improve the relationship between the program and Congress.

Government officials at high levels should be educated to recognize the importance of the program to their own work. Before policy-actions are taken there should be discussion with overseas information-agency executives on matters of psychological significance to people in other countries.

There should be more cooperation between nations of the free world on common problems in overseas information activities.

The U.S. Information Agency should work more closely with our Delegation to the United Nations for clarification of the American point of view.

The objectives of the program should be outlined with greater sharpness. Are we dealing with a long-period program or an emergency program? We must decide how we are trying to project the U.S., keeping in mind that the U.S. is varied, dynamic, and changing.

AT THE present time our themes are 1) to unite the free nations of the world for peace, 2) to expose international Communism, and 3) to have our own peaceful intentions understood. Should we continue to use our present themes? Should we concentrate on fewer themes or add to them? And what should be the content of our approach to different countries? Should it emphasize fact or point of view? Should we emphasize freedom, equality, and orderly justice and the worth of the individual? Should we emphasize differences in customs in different countries? Should controversy in the U.S. be reflected impartially? Or should we be selective?

Another question for decision is the problem of targets. These of course would vary in different countries. Should the targets be the masses or the people who control the Government, or parties out of power? When should we talk more to our friends than to our enemies, and to what extent to each?

There is another problem we must solve. How to test and check up on whether the organization functions effectively. This is difficult, too, for no overseas information program is free from countervailing forces both at home and abroad.

Unfortunately, there is a tendency to credit or blame the Overseas Information Program for the state of our relations with another country. That, of course, is unrealistic. Overseas information programs are no substitute for foreign policy—economic, military, and political. Anything we do in the U.S. that deviates from the ideals of freedom, equality, and orderly justice may hurt us in the eyes of other people. The attitudes of other people towards us depend, as we have seen, on a variety of different factors, in which official overseas information plays only a part. In a democracy all problems flow back to the public for solution.

Last year we organized a voluntary National Committee for an Adequate Overseas U.S. Information Program comprised of experts on public opinion, communications, and international affairs. Our aim is to alert the American people to understand how vital it is to strengthen America through effective information programs.

We have sponsored a number of conferences. One, held with the cooperation of Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Harvard University, explored problems of content, targets, and evaluation. Another, recently held at New York University, discussed careers and stimulating education for experts in overseas work. A third, at the University of Pennsylvania, considered U.S. approaches to Southern Asia. We have secured the cooperation of the Veterans of Foreign Wars on a grassroots basis. These and other efforts at public education may act as catalysts to increase public interest in these vital problems, for until the American people are so oriented any program is bound to be handicapped.

Mutiny with Bounty

Considered Reflections on TV, Without Color

By Stanley Young

THOUGH I admit, without reservations, that if children take tobacco, liquor, and opium,
Their parents are in for a certain amount of social opprobrium,
Still, having just dragged Junior away from the T-V set
I'm uncertain, yet, whether I wouldn't prefer to offer our pet
Weed, bottle, and needle, or any other handy drug
To picking him up off the rug
Glazed, sodden, doped, and pulverized,
And, if Monsieur Mesmer will forgive me, mesmerized
By gunfire, blood, and crunching bone
After an hour in the living-room with the spiritual brothers of, say, Al Capone.

I may be wrong, because I'm older, and our T-V isn't in color
And I am prone, when something prones me, to give way to choler
And holler, as if I didn't know a yak from a yogi
And what a rush of blood to the temples does to your psyche,
Still, parents, friends, and ladies and gentlemen of the P.T.A. of America and Nassau County
I'm declaring, yea, offering with no strings, a considerable cash prize and bounty
For the scalps, skins, teeth and hair of
Certain T-V producers, writers, and their heirs you're probably aware of
Because I'm calmly prepared to believe, after many cans of beer, and study
That there's something about the whole ruddy
Mess that, if any of you fond fathers came home from work and slumped down tared,
Junior, after the program was over, might well bury you in the backyard,
And, if any of you doting mothers, inadvertently of course, dropped dead along the panel,
Junior might simply stagger up and switch to another channel.

I may be wrong, because I'm older, and, as I've said, our set isn't in color.

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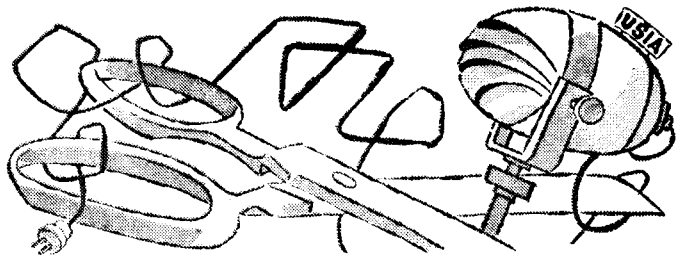
WHAT DO WE SAY TO THE WORLD?—2

The Loin Cloth or the Rajah?



By LEO CHERNE *editor and executive secretary of the Research Institute of America.*

FIRST, let's give the USIA its due. It is operated by a group of professionals of high competence and devotion. More important, it has achieved notable success in many ways and in many areas. One trouble is that the success of USIA is not readily visible to the naked eye. You can't measure it in kilowatt hours—like you can the power produced by a dam built abroad with American funds. You can't measure it in Western European automobile production figures, such as those made possible by American productivity programs under the Marshall Plan. You can't even measure it in the steady deterioration of Communist party voting-strength in a country like France, for example. Yet the kilowatt hours of power produced in the dam, the automobile production rate, and the voting distribution in a country like France are deeply and directly affected by the success or failure of USIA. For if there were no USIA—or if USIA did not do its job well — who can say that the dam might not have been sabotaged, the automobile production rate crippled by strikes, the voting strength of the French Communist Party on the upgrade?

The achievements of USIA are all the more remarkable in view of the handicaps under which it operates, the most brutal being Congressional interference. One incident will suffice—the recent insistence by members of the House Appropriations Committee that a certain American history textbook (one with a foreword by Charles Lindbergh and an introduction by Louis Bromfield, no less) be withdrawn from circulation in libraries overseas. Among the reasons: a photograph of "A little red schoolhouse, built 1750" might give the Communists the occasion to say this represents the American school system, although the photo was followed by pictures of a modern high school and of Harvard University; certain passages from "Walden" "might be damaging"; a graphic shot of a dust storm should be deleted because it was bad propaganda.

Our propaganda effort has, in fact, been so badly abused that advocates of an adequate program are reluctant to offer even constructive criticism. We sometimes pretend USIA is doing a better job than it actually is doing, in the hope that this will put Congress in a sufficiently happy frame of mind to appropriate the money required. When Congress spots a "mistake"—even one as ridiculous as the case of the history text cited above—nobody thinks to point out that Congress has only itself to blame. We wasted money this year; so we will spend less money next year. We did a bad job this year; so we will do a worse job next year.

One suggestion for improving our overseas information program, therefore, is to raise its status here at home. Let there be an increasing awareness and understanding in our country—within the Government and outside it—of the magnitude of the job before us, and of the length of time it is likely to take. Let the budget be raised; let the colleges inaugurate courses aimed at training men and women for lifetime careers in the information service, just as there are courses training for careers in the foreign service. For the question of personnel is a key to the whole effort aimed at telling our story abroad more effectively.

USIA pulled a neat propaganda stunt some time ago when it gave workers a day off to recruit personnel. But this did not quite get at the problems which have driven so many qualified people out of Government and kept so many more from applying. There are many steps which could be taken. For example, we could hire more investigators to make security checks. Today a person with needed overseas experience applying for a job with USIA must wait six months or more for a security check. Many find better jobs before they are cleared. Yet, with adequate personnel the same check which is made in six months could be made in six weeks.

We could make appropriations on a two-year basis so that we would not repeat the 1953 mistake of firing workers because the money has run out and then trying unsuccessfully to hire them back when the new appropriation comes through. Most important, now that McCarthyism has become a "wasm," we can seek to raise the morale of our civil servants by defending them against unjust attacks. With time, they may even get over the idea that it is better to do nothing at all than to risk making a mistake.

ANY discussion of USIA must take up several basic questions. There is, for example, the basic question "Who is our audience?" Is it the native in the loin cloth or the rajah, the left-bank intellectual or the tenant farmer? There can be no hard and fast rule, no inflexible policy about "audience" and "line." And all of us must recognize this—just as we must recognize that it may even be valuable to our country's purpose to show a picture of a little red schoolhouse or a dust-storm wasteland as part of America.

There is the basic question "How can we make the best and strongest impression on countries abroad?" An effective method would emphasize the common aspirations and values of the U.S. and the free world. In Asia and Africa particularly we must show that we are different from other Western powers identified with imperialism and that we sympathize with the attempts of underdeveloped countries to become independent and to develop modern societies. A good example of how well this approach works is the USIA program in Vietnam. I saw this program at first hand some months ago and I believe the USIA program there was largely instrumental in helping the leaders as well as the people of free Vietnam to distinguish between the attitudes and actions of French colonial power on the one hand and of Americans on the other. It would certainly follow, therefore, that the USIA should present the progress toward racial equality being made here in

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the United States as a basic theme.

Perhaps the most basic of all the questions we must answer is this: "What are we trying to do anyway?" Is USIA's role an emergency one, designed to meet Soviet aggressive actions, or is it a permanent one whose purpose is to help build the kind of world in which America can feel secure? The idea of merely meeting the aggressive force of Soviet Russia underlines the limitations of some of the thinking that has gone into USIA's formation. The fact is that there is much more than an aggressive force loose in the world today—there are countries undergoing a process of rapid change. The Communists present to these countries a totalitarian model for their own development. It is USIA's job to suggest to them a different model. We must not—we cannot—be merely defensive. We must offer a framework within which the nations of Asia and Africa can develop as free societies.

IN THIS framework, let me hasten to add that the USIA cannot be more than a reflection of the attitudes and the actions of our Government. We cannot expect miracles from the USIA or any Government propaganda agency. All we can expect of it—all that we should ever want from it—is that it give a fair and honest picture of what our country is and of what we aim for.

One of the most effective propaganda efforts ever undertaken by the United States was a question-and-answer feature service in Germany. Editors learned that they could get a straight answer to any question they asked, no matter how embarrassing or how little it had to do with immediate U.S. propaganda objectives. By telling the whole truth the United States found an audience for the many truths which would win friends and influence people if they would only listen. A loaded question simply gave us an opportunity to answer our critics. We won their attention—and their respect—by talking about what concerned *them,* not merely what we wanted to get across. This, it seems to me, is basic to any effective overseas information program.

One final suggestion—that the name by which USIA is known be changed. The Voice of America, it seems to me, has a rather authoritarian ring about it. America—let us thank God—does not speak with one voice. Let the USIA reflect the diversity that has made us great and the differences that serve to strengthen our unity. Let America's many tongues speak through many Voices.

WHAT DO WE SAY TO THE WORLD?—3

Matching the Russian Message

By GEORGE GALLUP, *public opinion analyst of the Gallup Poll.*

RUSSIA, in my opinion, is a good generation ahead of us in her knowledge of propaganda and in her skill in using it. The Russians are reported to be spending $1,000,000,000 to $2,000,000,000 a year in getting across their propaganda ideas. If some account is taken of the work put in every day by hundreds of thousands of Party workers in reaching target groups in target areas, if the cost entailed in publishing scores of Communist newspapers, with their millions of circulation, is also taken into account, then it can be seen that if this country is to match Russian efforts we must think of sums running into several billions each year.

A couple of years ago I suggested to a Senatorial Committee that the sum of $5,000,000,000 spent on today's tanks, guns, and battleships will make far less difference in achieving ultimate victory over Communism than $5,000,000,000 appropriated for ideological warfare. I do not mean to imply that money alone can do this job. The mere expenditure of large sums of money offers no guarantee of winning the Cold War. We must have an effective message and, equally important, we must make sure it is effective before we spend the money.

But you can't sell people unless you reach them, and this costs a lot of money. You can't do this job with mirrors, and no one has figured out a better formula yet than the one the Communists are presently using.

—*Justus in* The Minneapolis Star.

"Developing Immunity."

I once laid down the dictum that the best, the safest principle to follow in fighting an ideological war, at least at this stage of our knowledge, is to follow the rules of shooting war: We must reach *more people, more often,* and with a *better message* than the enemy. Now if some genius can come forward and show us how to do this with the sum of money Congress is currently appropriating, then I can show this same miracle-worker how he can become a millionaire overnight by performing a similar job for some of our big advertisers in this country.

Some people would like to ignore completely this fight for the minds of men. Many hope that—if we are strong militarily—somehow strength in this department will solve our propaganda job. But you can't kill ideas even with H-bombs. There is absolutely no possible escape from fighting the ideological war. Actually, in order to compensate for defeats which we are constantly suffering in the Cold War, we naturally tend to lean more heavily on the armed services, appropriating more billions for this department.

So, no matter how you figure it, the most *economical* and most *effective* way to deal with Russia is to *match* her efforts in ideological warfare.

If a country is lost to Communism through propaganda and subversion it is lost to our side as irretrievably as if we had lost it in actual warfare. We often overlook the fact that a good many of our friends and allies can be lost to us almost overnight. All it takes in any of these nations is just one election in which the Communists gain enough votes to take control.

ANOTHER fact which seems to have escaped the thinking of our Congressional leaders is that *total victory* in a new world war would not resolve the ideological war. Just try to imagine the problem this country and our allies would face in trying to police Russia and China and to keep Communism from rearing its ugly head again. No, the problem would not only *not* be solved but it would be intensified.

Why have our Congressional leaders been so slow in recognizing the importance of ideological warfare? One

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argument frequently advanced against an adequate propaganda program is that we don't need propaganda—that deeds speak louder than words. Maybe in an ideal world this is true, but the best proof that this view is false is the very success of the Communist efforts at this time in Asia, Africa, and Europe. Communist deeds are usually the opposite of her words.

Another argument—akin to the first—is that we have no right to speak out until we, as a nation, are perfect, that we must set our own house in order first. If this rule were applied strictly we would have no preachers of Christianity—except the saints—and certainly there would be no advertising, because no product or institution has yet reached a state of perfection.

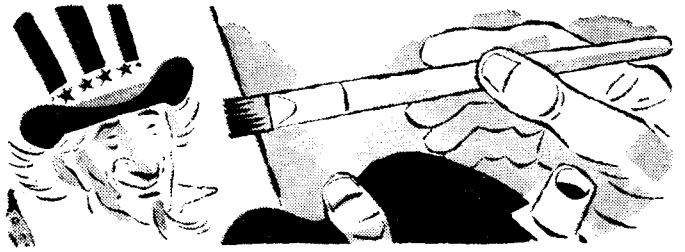
Still another argument is based upon the misconception that propaganda is necessarily based upon lies and that on moral grounds, if on no other, we should not engage in propaganda. The word, unfortunately, has acquired a bad odor, thanks to Goebbels and his modern Russian counterparts. But the most effective propaganda, like that of Christianity, can and should be based upon the truth. A lie, repeated endlessly, can be sold to many; but what is often overlooked is that truth, by the process of repetition, can be sold more easily than lies.

A final argument is the one I mentioned earlier. There is no point in spending billions of dollars unless we are certain that we are getting results. With this I am in complete agreement. And that is where research comes in. I believe that the only department in which we may have an advantage over the Russians is in our research methods for pre-testing propaganda ideas and for measuring their success in use. We do not need to spend millions of dollars on ideas or programs which later are discovered to be ineffective. Through research it is possible to find out which of many basic appeals should be incorporated into our propaganda program and to measure the effect of these ideas in changing attitudes. Through research it should be possible to discover the best way of nullifying the enemies' propaganda. Through research we can know at all times, and in every target area, just who is winning the propaganda battle and why.

The timetable? If I know Congress, it will be difficult to get adequate sums for this effort in the immediate future. Our best hope is in making a few simple demonstrations of what can be done and in trusting that through patient and continuing effort we can give our legislators a better understanding of the problem in addition to the confidence that we can provide solutions.

WHAT DO WE SAY TO THE WORLD?—4

Getting the Real Story Across



By PALMER HOYT, *editor and publisher of* The Denver Post.

WHEN Oliver Cromwell was posing for his portrait he is quoted as saying to the artist: "Paint me as I am, warts and all." It seems to me that here is the key to our problem. Too much of our propaganda has been just that—propaganda—when the simple story of the United States would best serve. We can best talk to a world that knows all about us, warts and all.

One of my favorite definitions of friendship is: "A friend is one who knows all about you, and likes you anyway." For example, there is nothing wrong with the world's knowing the truth about our racism: that there were lynchings in the South, but that lynchings are virtually unheard of today; that the free play of capitalism is improving the lot of the Negro in the South and elsewhere. We have some Negro millionaires; more important, the Negro has attained job and pay equality and full acceptance by American unions, and now competes and earns and lives on equal terms with the white American. As William Atwood recently wrote in *Look* magazine: "The big news today is no longer the plight of the Negro. The big news is how far he has come and how fast he is moving towards full equality with his fellow American." With that kind of progress, there is no point in our opposing a frank admission of what is still wrong.

In 1944 I said on the Chicago Round Table that the best project that we could undertake regarding Russia would be to bomb behind the Iron Curtain with Sears Roebuck catalogues. This horseback opinion has been confirmed and reconfirmed through the years by such authorities as Eddy Gilmore of the Associated Press and Harrison Salisbury of *The New York Times*. Either of those gentlemen will tell you that the most wanted books in embassies where we have libraries are the mail-order catalogues. (There is a paragraph in the recent Twentieth Century Fund report that would give Karl Marx and Frederick Engels pause: "Of all the great industrial nations the one that has clung the most tenaciously to private capitalism has come closest to the socialist goal of providing an abundance to all in a classless society, a level of material well-being which is beyond even the comprehension of the vast majority of the world's people.")

In our public thinking on talking to the world, and particularly that part of the world which is behind the Iron Curtain, we must not fear to paint ourselves as we are. And it is in those terms of reference that our new efforts should be guided. For example, one of the really constructive recent ideas was presented by President Eisenhower, speaking before the Associated Press annual luncheon in 1955, when he announced his hope of building an atomic steamship which might travel as a goodwill vessel around the world. This would be a tremendous thing and would bring a very practical picture of our advancement.

THERE are many ways that we can get the story of the real America across, even to captive countries. We are doing some of these things now, but we are not doing enough. I am referring to exchange students and exchange businessmen. The Iowa editor who suggested on an off-day that we bring Russian farmers over here to take a look was on the beam. We need more interchanges of thinking people between our country and other countries. Let the world know that we have 58,000,000 automobiles and trucks, 33,000,000 television sets, and 48,000,000 telephones. Moreover, 23,-

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500,000 families own their own homes. Let them know, if you please, that a major part of our economy is based on the installment plan, but let them know at the same time that our people are enjoying commodity goods while they have the energy to make full use of them.

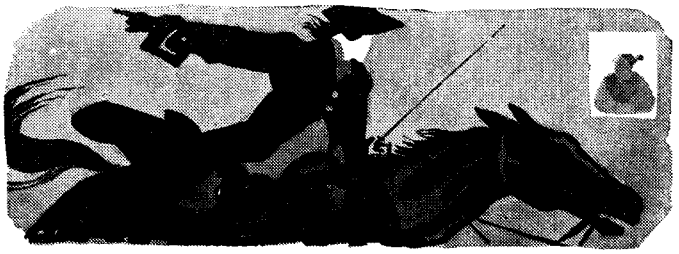
Let the American people, before talking to the world, refresh their memories in American history. Let them trace the progress of the Average Man, the common man eulogized by a great one, Abraham Lincoln. Let them travel once again, by the chronicle of the republic's growth, the road of our Average Man's journey—from a religious or economic refugee to a sovereign free man with the highest material standard of any citizen of any country and opportunity for himself and his children in the history of the world. We have got to present the play spirit of America, to get across that in America we don't have to belong to the Brownshirts to march in a parade. We can do it if we belong to the Boy Scouts, the Shrine, the American Legion, the Knights of Columbus, or any one of a thousand other organizations. We've got to show that in America wearing a cowboy hat to a rodeo is a part of the voluntary confirmation that makes free men and free women enjoy life just a little more.

Russian leaders now admit that they have to adopt the U.S. farm system and the Detroit manufacturing pattern. Let's tell them more about the rest of our business operations—just as they are, with no frills and with no false undertones. Let's tell them about the supermarket. Many years ago Henry Wallace was absorbed with the idea of giving a bottle of milk to every citizen of India who needed it. Perhaps that would be a good idea if we could get fresh milk over there, but let's try to do something else. Let's add to our generous economic aid the true picture of what America really is, what it's all about, and the premises of our international thinking. They will stand up.

And let's remember another thing—let's talk to the world in terms of Americanism. Let's get rid of this fear of ourselves and tell the world what we are and what we've got. I think there are many ways we can do that. And lest this be considered a fat-headed viewpoint, let me admit that our problem is always complicated by the fact that our own bigness, our prosperity, our benevolences, our aptitudes, and our accomplishments cumulatively and continually challenge our humility. So let's be sure we tell our story in the spirit of real and proper American humility.

WHAT DO WE SAY TO THE WORLD?—5

Ideas Are No Sideshow



By FLEUR COWLES, *author, traveler, and associate editor of* Look.

FOR the last several years America has regarded the distribution of ideas as a sideshow. But now, for the time being at least, Congress has stopped considering propaganda a mere holding operation—as something to do while gearing with immense thoroughness for the main military show. Doubtlessly some of this change has occurred because Secretary Dulles and so many others in the Administration travel and know the psychological score in far places. Even ten-minute expertizing is better for making policies than is staying at home. Besides, once you become a "professional ten-minute expert" the chances are good that you can develop a curious radar-system of your own. You learn to blot up intuitively what a country's feelings are for the USA.

Things improved when we stopped our heavy promotion-barrage extolling the tall corn, the telephones, the skyscrapers, and the motor-cars of "our way of life"—ridiculous boners of our past ad-like propaganda efforts. Things also improved when we stopped asking our foreign-service staffs in information centers to be Rover Boys. More and more, instead, I find decent Americans who realistically recognize and deal with the deadly poison of our adversaries. We seem to have stopped looking for a joint Boy Scout leader and heir to Goebbels as the man for the information field.

I also find that our information officers make and take on-the-spot decisions—and are not just automatically using what flows their way. In the past (particularly in Asia) I found material being distributed simply because it had been shipped out there "by Washington." Often our booklets and films were painfully miscast for the needs of the area.

Since our public relations obviously depend on the popularity-barometer of our foreign policies, this points up a fact everyone knows well, whether they stay at home or travel: wherever our prestige is highest our foreign policy was right. It has been right for the last half-dozen years in Europe—and particularly for the last three. As a result, the workers of Europe are giving us the vote in the Cold War. We've proven that our brand of democracy and capitalism works and is productive, and that Socialism and Communism do not work and are not productive.

Our Information Program in Europe must be given its share of credit for the progress made by our side there: the whopping, strong European economy . . . the ratification of the Paris pacts as a substitute for EDC . . . Germany in NATO . . . the immense faith in President Eisenhower—and renewed affection for him . . . the increasingly serious respect for Secretary Dulles—replacing last year's attitude of uncertainty . . . the withdrawal of the Red Army from Austria.

Our program in Asia, however, is as erratic as our policies themselves. To me our lack of success in that area was epitomized by our inexplicable behavior prior to the Bandung Conference. We, the strongest nation on earth, didn't seem to mind exposing an odd insecurity. The word got out (falsely or otherwise) that the United States was trying to sabotage the Asian get-together. Everyone in the Middle and Far East asked themselves if the mighty USA was afraid of the 1,400,000,000 members of a color bloc?

It was fascinating to me that, instead of giving the Conference our blessings, we made no secret of our fears that the outcome might be against us. Shouldn't the Conference have been heralded by us as the "obvious evidence of Far Eastern solidarity on democratic lines" (which it so ironically turned out to be)? It is rather bad taste for us now to tout the extraordinary outcome of the

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Bandung Conference—and its exciting avowals for democratic and free institutions that were recorded or the disappointments of the Communists or the poetic drama of spontaneous statements against Communist-expansionism from unexpected mouths and of unexpected eloquence.

That great freedom-minded gentleman General Carlos P. Romulo gave a small group of friends enormous pleasure when he described the Conference after his return from it. There was much that was amazing, but the one anecdote which made us openly cheer was Romulo's account of the behavior of Prime Minister Sukarno of Indonesia. "Anti-colonialism is not new," Sukarno quietly reminded the audience. "It was on another night, also in April—but way back in 1775—that the first voice was raised against colonialism . . . when Paul Revere made his famous ride." And Sukarno then proceeded, without hesitation or error, to quote the Longfellow poem.

We must cut our opponents' fraudulent claims to shreds when these claims are used to further the expansion of Communism. We must find ways to contrast our free air with the flavor of sourness breathed in the air by people under Communism . . . with the omnipresent sense of fear . . . with the deep pessimism (spoken or unspoken) that must thicken the air wherever the servile state exists.

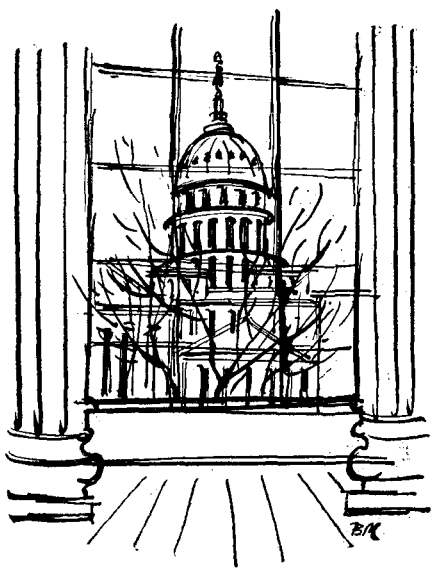
And can we do this if we go on claiming the good is all on our side—while we give our Communist opponents propaganda arguments to use against us? (Why, by the way, do we keep forgetting that excuses for certain of our ways simply cannot be absorbed by illiterate minds?) And how do we explain to the intellectuals (who *think* about all arguments) such things as: the withheld visa; the passport refused to citizens we don't like; the maintenance of Government investigations; the attacks on personal or professional reputations only recently indulged in so freely, so recklessly; the evidences of fear for minority opinions; the sacking of foreign-service officers who do not parrot a party line; the loss of humor in high places—a genuine casualty whenever freedom is in any danger?

AND when will we start building up the good results—not only the errors—of "uncommitted countries," so that we make them our friends? When will we start educating Americans not to sneer automatically at leaders in countries not yet progressed to a system of elective government? When are we to be emancipated enough to learn how to judge each dictatorship? Certain kinds can conceivably suit a country's momentary longings (and sometimes their political needs, too) better than crooked and rigged democracies which have *proven* to be democracies in name only? Nasser, for example, has given the desperately poor and illiterate Egyptians more in the last year of revolutionary dictatorship than they got in the hundred previous years—yet he stands accused for not yet having given his people a parliament. He has promised to do so in 1956, but I hope this doesn't mean giving back the rule to a powerful few who kept it in an almost medieval state until the revolution.

Subtle as it may seem, I wish to make a plea that anything we say which helps build the pride in his own country has, for any man, an invisible value—and to us as well as to him and his country. A man's love of his country is a thing beyond all reckoning. Whenever a nation goes down doesn't one fact always become clear: that the people in it forgot their hopes, and that they are lost as people until their original pride helps to bring them back? Can't pride be marshalled to help keep them from going down?

Another point: I realize it is neither the function nor the privilege of the Information Program to educate Americans back home to the facts of foreign life—but isn't it the obligation of every American to study them so as to form more certain judgments?

We Americans have another major stake in one of the most dramatic movements of this century (and it is one which also ties in with our Information Program): the growing influence of labor around the world. It is in our interest to encourage evolutionary working conditions. The United States has proven that, within a democratic framework, we do live with a tradition of institutions and customs which contribute to such an ideal. Yet—despite such a standard—we are still being kept on the defensive! I feel we don't do enough to counter the Communists' shrewd efforts to subvert the world's labor force. Our example is honest and good. Why isn't it better advertised?



Our best results in reaching labor have come from exchanging workers under the provision of the Department of Labor, which arranges the schedules for visitors from foreign shores. But what and how much is done by our Information Officers in the countries to which they return? What use is made of the visitors' enthusiasm (and enlightened enthusiasm is generally what it is) on their arrival home? What is done to perpetuate their first fresh comments? What documentary films are taken in the United States during their visits—to be shown by the USIA back home? Cultural and worker missions from all over Asia are constantly invited to China to tour and see for themselves the "contagious renaissance" (as it is put) and the so-called agrarian reform. These they are expected to dramatize when they do return to off-Communist bases. And they do—in fact so effectively that many Asians still ask themselves which type of democracy—the Western or the Eastern—they prefer.

Words voluntarily spoken by others about us—about our worker progress and our free choice of work—are worth gold. I hope they are freely translated in many languages, that they are printed, taped, broadcast, and distributed all over the world to speak for us without the suspicions which come from praising oneself.

The Information Program can only deal with action; their words can merely be the echo. This makes me think of a story Malcolm Muggeridge, editor of *Punch*, once gave me. It was about Cholerton, famous among the foreign correspondents who gathered in Moscow in the early Thirties. Most of his remarks have become classic, as this deserves to do:

Some discussion had arisen between Cholerton and Omansky—then the head of Russian censorship—on whether *habeas corpus* did, or did not, exist in Soviet law. "Ah, Omansky," said Cholerton, "whether have *habeas corpus* may be doubtful but, by God, you've got *habeas cadaver*."

The free world still has its *habeas corpus*. The 650,000,000 souls under the Communist hammer and sickle have their *habeas cadaver*. I hope our propaganda talent continues to flower to the point where this devastating reminder is broadcast with simplicity and belief to any still vulnerable to Communist lures, wherever they may be.

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School for Satellites

By JOHN LEAR, *editor of the Research Institute of America, writer, and world traveler.*

AMONG my friends is one who lives behind the Iron Curtain. Intermittently he maintains touch with me by a route that thwarts the censors. Always his messages are freighted with meaning for those of us who occupy the free side of the fence that Moscow built. But his latest communication, to my ears at least, reverberates with the thunderclap of genius.

"John," my friend said in this last message, "I would like to discuss belief with you. Our belief. Belief in the Golden Rule.

"I have plenty of time to read, where I am presently stationed. And I have been reading the history of persecution. Not in any organized style. No chosen set of books. Just hit or miss, here and there, wherever I come across the subject.

"I gather from what I read that belief is like fire—it can live only by spreading. At one era or another every conviction to kindle the imagination of man has destroyed the questioners on its periphery.

"The Golden Horde rolled ruthlessly west across the steppes of Russia. The Turks slaughtered their way to the gates of Vienna. The Inquisition tortured South America through Spain. New England burned her nonconformers as witches. Hitler massacred Jews all over Europe.

"But, sooner or later, persecution slows down. Conversion does not cease, but it does become a peaceful, voluntary act.

"We of the democratic West have grown so accustomed to fear Stalinism that we have missed a decisive turn in its history. We have failed to note that our policy of Russian containment, originated by George Kennan and enforced by Presidents Truman and Eisenhower, has effectively ended the proselytizing wildfire of the Kremlin. We are blind to the true significance of the Soviet offer to free Austria, whose 'defensive' occupation has been the only practical excuse the Communists have had for continuing to hold Czechoslovakia and Hungary. We read daily that infiltration and subversion now are more to be feared than armed attack in Asia, but we don't recognize infiltration and subversion as synonyms for peaceful persuasion. We need to establish that historic recognition soon.

"In the course of containing the violent graspings of Communist conversion, we cut off trade between the Russian bloc and the West. Our Government then believed (and I agreed) that everything that passed into hands beholden to Moscow would heighten the Russian threat against the peace. Today we face a sudden equilibrium. We and the Russians alike possess thermonuclear weapons. Either of us can blast the other off the planet.

"In this radically altered atmosphere, the role of economics no longer dominates. Strategic and political considerations must come first in our calculations. It is now quite possible to help the individual human prisoners of the Russians without appreciably strengthening the Communist power to force us into the godless maw of Marx-Lenin. Before us lies a priceless opportunity to spread our own belief in a manner acceptable to all men. Here is a chance that may never come again—to gain millions of voluntary converts peacefully.

"IF YOU have any means of reaching the people who decide these things, John, urge them to take the hate out of the Voice of America. Persuade them, if you can, to use the Voice instead as a kind of correspondence school to teach the poor and helpless peoples of the earth how to better their naked, hungry lives.

"Tell the decision-makers to remember that the so-called neutral regions of the globe—the vast tracts whose peoples are yet neither for nor against Communism—are, like the European satellites, predominantly rural. Show the decision-makers, if you must, how to write lessons in modern farming so simply that illiterate peasants can learn them at a single hurried hearing.

"Don't let anyone convince you that such a school-of-the-air-for-impoverished-peoples wouldn't work, even behind the Curtain. Refuse to believe that the Communists would jam the broadcasts or that the people you want to reach would fail to listen.

"I know because I monitor the Voice on this side of the Curtain. I know that the Kremlin always keeps at least one channel open, to hear for itself what the West has to say. I know, too, that even the captive peoples listen by the thousands to any Voice broadcast that is something more than a hot harangue against Communism, which they already hate.

"It would be fatal, of course, if the farming lessons were to be written around typical American farm machines. The peoples I am talking about could not afford such luxury. Anything they do must be done with the primitive tools of a feudal farmhand.

"If we do this, John, we should not advertise it. We should follow the Biblical injunction to practise charity in secret, confident in the promise that he who does so will be rewarded openly. Only thus can we rightly expect our acts to be accepted as our normal practice of the Golden Rule."

That was my friend's message. I repeated it to people I know in the State Department. "Grand idea," these armchair diplomats said. "Of course, it would have to be planned and the Department planning board is today so occupied with planning defenses against Communist propaganda attacks it hasn't time to think ahead far enough to take the offensive."

I wonder if that will sound like a very reasonable explanation to my friend behind the Iron Curtain. I suspect it will disappoint him and many others who have pointed out that Marx was a city boy, that he never understood farmers, and that consequently the logical place to force a decision against Communism is the farm.

Not only for my friend's sake, but for my own, I would be happier if I knew or were able to persuade "the men who decide such things." I have written these words here in the hope that they may reach someone whose voice is more convincing than mine.

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WHAT DO WE SAY TO THE WORLD?—7

Can Propaganda Make Friends?

By VICTOR LASKY, *newspaperman, editor of* The American Legion Journal, *and co-author of the book "Seeds of Treason."*

ONLY recently has it begun to dawn on Americans that despite the noblest of intentions Uncle Sam is hardly the world's most popular character. This troubles us. We don't like handing out billions of dollars in foreign aid only to get kicked around.

A leading Italian political writer, Indro Montanelli, sympathizes with American resentment towards the seeming ingratitude. He would resent it, too, he wrote, "if I were an American who had lost, let us say, one son in Normandy to save France."

One reason for Europe's attitude, he said, is a basic defect, "of which there isn't the slightest hope that Americans can be cured, because it is in their blood. . . . It is the craze for improving us [Europeans], for making us try to be in every way kinder to each other, juster, richer, happier."

Moreover, Europeans are "envious of America, envious of her power, her well-being." They are also suspicious of our motives in aiding them. For centuries Europeans were "trained . . . to look for evil behind the mask of innocence, and to oppose it with malice even more subtle and perverse."

Still another kind of resentment towards the U.S. was expressed last January by a youthful Iranian at the annual *Herald Tribune* Forum for High Schools. Our aid, the youth said, often helped Communist propaganda, in that it provided big salaries to a few Iranians while leaving the unemployment problem unsolved. The U.S. consequently is not as popular in Iran as commonly believed.

In the face of rising anti-Americanism abroad we look for simple solutions. If only we'd pour money and energy into our propaganda! The fact is we have spent more money on so-called information services than any other Western nation. Yet we are more widely misunderstood than any other nation.

Is Congress to be blamed for our propaganda failures? Is Congress the villain because it is forever curtailing appropriations for the U.S. Information Agency?

That's the thinking of a new group formed by the noted publicist Edward L. Bernays. Unfortunately, it fails to occur to the National Committee for an Adequate U.S. Overseas Information Program that the trouble is not lack of Congressional and public support, but the justifiable suspicion most foreigners feel towards propaganda from any source.

Moreover, Mr. Bernays at a press conference said that one of the USIA's major problems in presenting U.S. policy abroad is that "anyone can shoot off his mouth in the United States. This makes it difficult for people abroad to know what the U.S. stands for."

Mr. Bernays, of course, is more accustomed to advising large corporations, which can speak with one voice. But there is no one voice in America. There are as many voices as there are Americans. The fact that Americans, unlike enslaved people, are unregimented is perhaps the best propaganda we have. It should be capitalized upon, not frowned upon.

Moreover, our propagandists cannot be accused of not trying. They are trying—too hard. But they don't have much to sell. The USIA was assigned by the President the "mission" of "explaining and interpreting to foreign peoples the objectives and policies of the United States Government." But what are those "objectives and policies?"

WHO can really say—when the Administration talks about "massive retaliation" one day and invites a deal the next with Red China to settle the difficulties in the Formosa straits?

It's not that our propagandists are not trying. In fact, so eager are they to make a showing that frequently their well-meaning efforts backfire to U.S. disadvantage.

Item: Last March they sought to glorify a Russian juvenile delinquent as a courageous anti-Communist defector. In trouble with his parents, Valery Lysikov, seventeen, had run away from home. Turning up in West Berlin he declared, "Communism stinks." Immediately the USIA put its propaganda trappings to work. Press conferences, newsreels, a spread in *Life*, the Voice of America—all these trumpeted our superiority to the world. It was a perfect propaganda coup—except for one thing. Having savored of our soft drinks and juke boxes young Lysikov returned home. The Kremlin, naturally, had a field day. One West Berlin newspaper observed, "Perhaps it would have been better if the Americans had let this unripe fruit remain on the tree."

Item: In Burma our propagandists, hoping to whip up anti-Communist sentiment, secretly subsidized a Buddhist conference. When news of the subsidy leaked, according to World-over Press, considerable bitterness was aroused. A leading Buddhist declared that, while Buddhists have no quarrel with Americans, "we may have if they persist in trying to use Buddhism as a weapon against Communism."

Item: In India USIA activities have aroused tremendous resentment. In fact, some months ago the Foreign Ministry officially protested publication in a USIA weekly of a sharp attack on Red China on grounds, as reported by the *Herald Tribune*, that "India did not want to become a battleground for propaganda disseminated by power blocs." A top Indian diplomat, asked what could be done to improve Indo-American relations, replied: "Stop pressuring us. . . . Take your U.S. Information Service out of India. We don't like propaganda agencies."

True, the diplomat is not known as a friend of the U.S. But India happens to be his country. If New Delhi had sent a team of propagandists to preach "neutralism" in the U.S. the resulting protests would be loud and angry, indeed. Americans don't like propagandists. We require their registration as foreign agents. Why should foreigners feel any different towards us?

Edward L. Bernays once observed

—*Scott Long in* The Minneapolis Tribune.

"Planting Time in No-Man's Land."

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that for the Government, as for private enterprise, "good public relations depends on making and keeping friends."

Obviously, the USIA isn't making friends in India. Good public relations would call for the USIA to curtail sharply its activities there.

It would be absurd to contend that the anti-Communist cause would suffer as a result. There are many vociferous anti-Communists in India. India's free press has published even sharper attacks on Red China than the USIA's. Books exposing Red China have enjoyed success. But they were written by Indians and since they do not carry any propaganda label they are that much more effective.

It isn't, as Roscoe Drummond, of the *New York Herald Tribune*, infers, a problem for our propagandists to be heard. And as James P. Reston, of *The New York Times*, declared last February, the problem is being believed.

"So great is the mistrust around the world of our Government propaganda," says Mr. Reston, "that the voices of our officials are often discounted because they are official voices. The readers in Paris are more likely to believe the report of their own correspondents in Washington than the statements of our officials...."

IF WHAT Mr. Reston says is true then what is needed now is, as Roy Howard suggested, a Congressional investigation. Such an investigation should not be undertaken to pillory. It should be directed towards a thorough reappraisal of our already swollen USIA establishment to determine why our propaganda is so lamentably ineffective.

That it is ineffective, even USIA director Theodore C. Streibert concedes. But in asking Congress for additional funds Mr. Streibert recently declared: "You can't afford just to sit back and say, 'There isn't anything we can do about it'."

True enough, we have to do something. But what?

Mr. Streibert's program for the coming fiscal year hardly is inspiring. For example, he asked for a large appropriation "to saturate some areas with books . . . areas that the Communists are saturating, and it takes money."

About $250,000 is earmarked for overseas distribution of an anthology entitled "Profile of America." The House Appropriations Subcommittee balked on this one, one solon calling it "a dangerous book." But the Senate Subcommittee approved the appropriation after Emily Davie, the anthology's editor, protested the House action.

"If such treatment goes unchecked," she asserted, "the USIA book program will have been hopelessly crippled and no writer in America is safe."

Although Miss Davie's indignation was justified her statement was not. Congress does have the right to decide how to spend public moneys. If funds for a book are at issue some Congressmen inevitably will turn literary critics—and poor ones at that.

Actually the issue was not "book-burning," as Miss Davie contended. The real issue, overlooked in the ensuing editorial uproar, was whether USIA distribution of such books as "Profile of America" could do any good.

Books, of course, are most important weapons in "the battle for men's minds." All too often foreign intellectuals prove susceptible to Communist propaganda.

But the kind of books is important; and the distribution even more so. Excellent as "Profile of America" is for domestic use, it is doubtful whether any book so laudatory of U.S. life would find ready acceptance among suspicious foreign intellectuals, particularly when distributed by the USIA. Whether justified or not, anything bearing the USIA imprint invariably is dubbed propaganda.

It can also be asked whether the indiscriminate dumping of U.S publications abroad—"saturation" is Mr. Streibert's term—does any good.

According to Worldover Press, the U.S. sends free two daily newspapers and a "strongly anti-Communist weekly" to British Labor members of Parliament. "The stuff is all right," one M.P. said. "But it seems rather obvious."

According to Roy Howard, the USIA's "giveaway stuff has the same value as anything you get for nothing—and that's nothing." The publisher cited one nation where "the USIA is directed by an intelligent newspaperman, trying to do the best job possible. Every day he is deluged with thousands of words—most of it more than thirty-six hours old and which has already been completely covered by U.S. news agencies."

The A.P., U.P. and INS, he added, already do "a magnificent job of telling America's story."

Roscoe Drummond, however, maintains that thousands of foreign newspapers cannot afford U.S. wire services. Which is true, of course. But, he added, "Obviously the USIA cannot afford to leave the field to Tass."

Mr. Drummond apparently is unaware that the Soviet news agency, Tass, rarely, if ever, gets its stuff published outside the Soviet orbit. The reason is simple. The stuff is obvious propaganda. Unfortunately, the USIA's material similarly is suspect. Since, as Roy Howard contended, few foreign editors ever use our "giveaway stuff" why should it be assumed things will be different in the future?

TOO much consideration has been given to ways of telling our story. Too little consideration is given to the story itself. Therein lies our biggest propaganda failing.

Writing in the *New Leader* recently on his experiences in Austria as a teacher at the Salzburg Seminar in American Studies, Philip W. Bell, assistant economics professor at Haverford College, reported: "If there was one unanimous criticism of our foreign policy by the participants collected there from all over Europe it was that we talked too much, that we preached to the rest of the world but failed to practise what we preached."

As Adlai Stevenson once stated,

(*Continued on page* 48)

The Wasp's Nest

By James L. Rosenberg

TWO aërial tigers,
Striped in ebony and gold
And resonantly, savagely a-hum,
Have lately come
To my mail-box's metal hold
And thought
With paper and with mud
Therein to build
Their insubstantial and their only
home.
Neither the sore displeasure
Of the U. S. Mail
Nor all my threats and warnings
Will avail
To turn them from their
hummed devotions.
And I think
They know my strength,
Can gauge
The danger of their work:
One blow could crush them
And their nest; and I am not
their friend.
And yet they seem
Too deeply and too fiercely
occupied
To bother to attend.
Perhaps they sense
I'll never deal the blow,
For, though not in nor of them,
Still I think I know
What it is like to live
In an alien and gigantic universe,
a stranger,
Building fragile citadels of love
On the edge of danger.

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ARTISTS AND WRITERS

Satirist of Life, High and Low

"Hogarth's Progress," by Peter Quennell *(Viking Press. 319 pp. 28 illus. $6.50), is a literary biography of one of the most important artists and one of the most colorful figures of eighteenth-century England. S. Lane Faison, Jr., director, Lawrence Art Museum, Williams College, reviews it here.*

By S. Lane Faison, Jr.

THE TITLE of Peter Quennell's new book—"Hogarth's Progress"—gives the book a proper ring. It is about Hogarth in Hogarth's own spirit: as episodic, observative, charming, witty, caustic, boisterous, edifying, and discursive as the very Progress of the Rake himself. It is a biography in the tradition of belles-lettres, a brilliant study of character and of manners even though it is not a critical appraisal.

Probably nobody today is unfamiliar with the work of William Hogarth, the eighteenth-century artist whom Whistler later called "the greatest of English painters." His engravings of high and low life in the London of his time have been reproduced for generations of ordinary viewers—so much so that hardly anybody could have missed seeing the pictorial narratives of "A Harlot's Progress" or "A Rake's Progress" or "Marriage à la Mode," or the "Election Series."

—*Illustrations from the book.*

Self-portrait of Hogarth with Trump.

Many of these are reproduced in this book, too, but it is not Peter Quennell's purpose to appraise these critically. "I have not attempted to assume the role of art-historian," writes Quennell. "What I have tried to do is to draw a portrait of the artist, and to relate an account of his works to the description of [his] period."

To this purpose Mr. Quennell's formidable scholarship is nimbly deployed. One sees, hears, and smells Hogarth's London, meets his friends and literary acquaintances, experiences the ups-and-downs of his fortunes, and enters into the occasion of each of his major productions. One also comes to know Hogarth himself, both physically in the truculence of a man only five feet tall and morally in the content of his wonderful portrait of such eighteenth-century fellows as the benevolent Captain Coram.

One also encounters Sir Christopher Wren ("last of the polymaths," in Quennell's fine phrase), William Kent (the Italianate architect, "burly, sanguine, and fleshy-faced," who embodied all that Hogarth most bitterly detested), John Gay (whose "Beggar's Opera" appeared in the same year as Hogarth's first conversation pieces), Jonathan Swift (who addressed to Hogarth a verse of "deep-voiced approbation"), Henry Fielding (whose praise was not limited to the famous remarks in the preface of "Joseph Andrews"), and David Garrick (whose portrait as Richard III Quennell calls "a somewhat unfortunate attempt at historical and dramatic sublimity").

"During the early stages of his professional existence," writes Mr. Quennell, "Hogarth anticipated many of the functions of an expert press-photographer. Besides reflecting the social world, he also commented upon current affairs. Thus, in 1733, he would interview and paint the portrait of Sarah Malcolm, a convicted murderess; and, in 1729, he attended at least one session of the Select Committee appointed by the House of Commons 'to inquire into the state of the gaols of this kingdom, and report the same, with their opinion thereupon, to the House'." Mr. Quennell then describes the conditions and the people which Hogarth found in the prisons. And they are all here in his book—the young lords, the old

THE AUTHOR: Peter Quennell, a tall, erudite Londoner who quit Oxford in the Twenties so that he could write and write and write, is one of the eighteenth century's best friends. Quennell as an editor of *History Today* plays footsie with the twentieth century once a month, when his magazine appears, but his heart belongs to the eighteenth. "I find that I meet in eighteenth-century annals a greater variety of sympathetic characters than I meet elsewhere," he says. "I appreciate the characteristic virtues of the period—what Gibbon called 'the profane virtues of sincerity and moderation'; and I am not unduly shocked by its vices. Moreover, it is conveniently situated in time—not too close, like the Victorian Age: not too far away, like the seventeenth century." Quennell was born 105 years after the close of the shocking eighteenth. After Oxford he wrote a volume of poetry and quickly forgot it. He then wrote criticism, taught literature at a Tokyo university, and wrote copy for a London ad agency. All those chores were sandwiched between a steady output of books, however. Biography is his chief interest. "It is the obvious medium for a writer who is deeply interested in *character* but has discovered through experience [one novel published in 1931] that he lacks the *novelist's* creative gift," he says. All of his biographies have been highly praised for their admirable objectivity. He has even written impartially about John Ruskin, which takes self-control. Quennell is a devoted stylist. "I have always been much concerned—possibly too much concerned—with *how* I write; and this tendency has, no doubt, been increased by my contact with eighteenth-century prose stylists. I try never to produce a sentence that will not stand the test of being *read aloud*." Besides his work at *History Today* he writes a weekly book column. "I contribute—for economic reasons—the column to a popular daily newspaper, the *London Daily Mail*," he says, "a connection with which my highbrow friends frequently reproach me . . . ." —BERNARD KALB.

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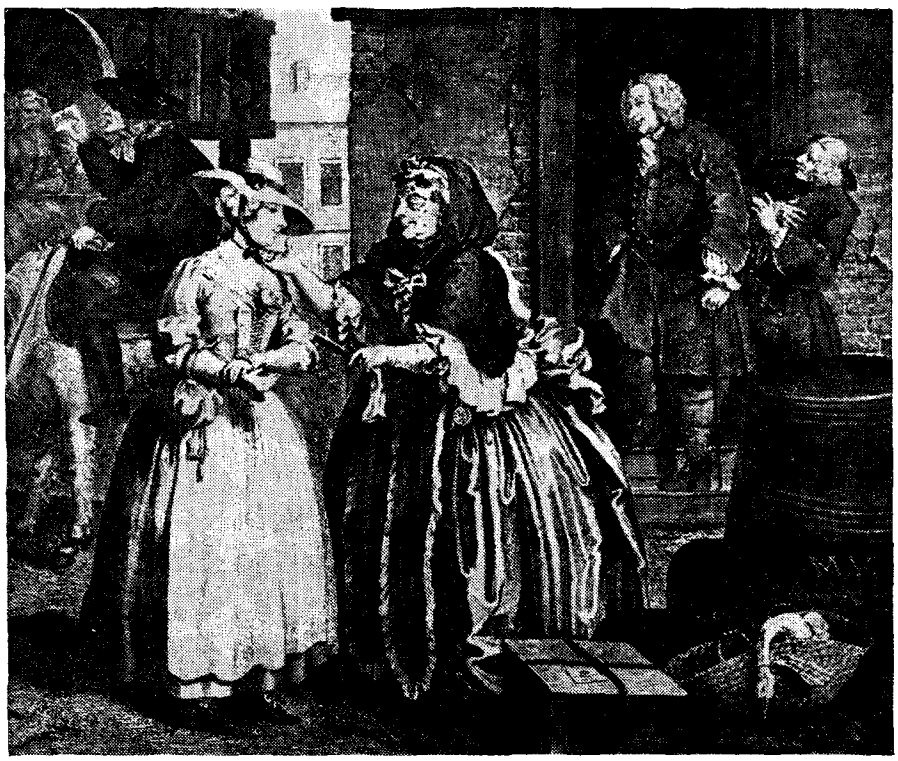
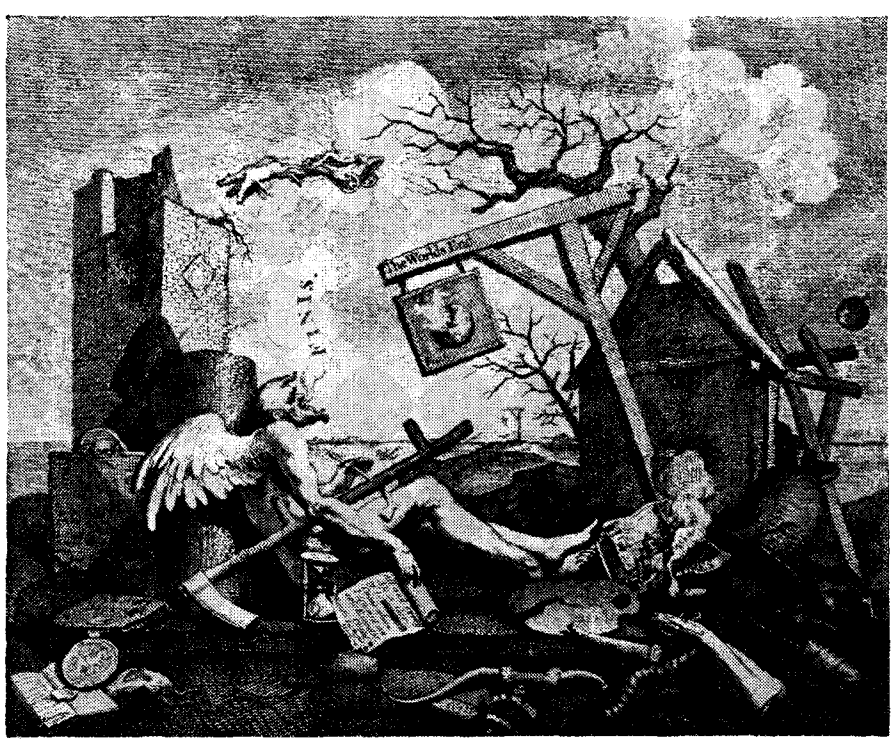


Detail from "A Harlot's Progress."



Tailpiece for "The Bathos."

rakes, the harlots, and the prisoners—just as they are in Hogarth's work.

Fortunately for Mr. Quennell, both the man and the artist in Hogarth are as nearly identical as they appear to be in Vincent van Gogh, and thus this biography affords a legitimate approach to criticism. One may ask, however, if the art-historian can so easily be dispensed with as Mr. Quennell apparently believes he can be. The artist and the man are rarely so nearly identical as they are in Hogarth.

In the main Mr. Quennell is content, as literary people are prone to do, to portray a painter and his work as visual counterparts of literature. This is a failing, and it will take a different sort of book to rescue Hogarth and his work from such kindly oblivion.

RLS at Home

"Our Samoan Adventure," by Fanny and Robert Louis Stevenson, edited, with an introduction and notes, by Charles Neider *(Harper. 264 pp. $4), includes, in published form for the first time, a diary for the years 1890-1894 kept by Mrs. Stevenson. It is reviewed below by Professor Howard Mumford Jones of Harvard.*

By Howard Mumford Jones

BY PUBLISHING the Fanny Stevenson diary, now owned by the State of California, Charles Neider adds importantly to our knowledge of Robert Louis Stevenson's last years. Difficult to decipher, the diary was irregularly kept; Mr. Neider has both filled in gaps and given the reader another perspective on key episodes by interspersing his transcript of Mrs. Stevenson's journal with appropriate quotations from Stevenson's letters and published works, particularly the "Footnote to History," the account by RLS of the international struggle for the possession of the Samoan islands among the Germans, the British, and the Americans, none of whom come off unscathed in this new material.

It is odd that the psychologists have not gone to work on the Stevensons as they have gone to work on the Brownings and the Brontës. It will be remembered that Fanny Stevenson was more than ten years older than her second husband, and that she was a wife and thrice a mother when she met RLS, and that when Fanny and Louis sailed for the South Seas in 1888, they took with them Louis's mother and Fanny's son, Lloyd Osbourne. In 1889 they determined to settle at Vailima; and in September 1890 they went there, after various familial permutations and combinations. Fanny's diary begins in September, characteristically "on the [blank] day of September," for, charming and capable as she was, she was a woman of temperament. For instance, during a Homeric campaign to create a garden we read:

> . . . Louis went with me and fell to digging, too, with a sort of dogged fury. I had prepared quite a large place [for lettuce], having to stop finally on account of three enormous blisters on my hand, while Louis was sifting and separating from stones and weeds a very small space. I left him there, hard at work, and returned to the house to get lunch. Sitting down for a moment to

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rest, I felt into a fit of vacancy and forgot all about the cooking for near upon half an hour. When Louis came in, stiff and aching with his long stooping posture, muddy and hungry, the meal was not yet on the table.

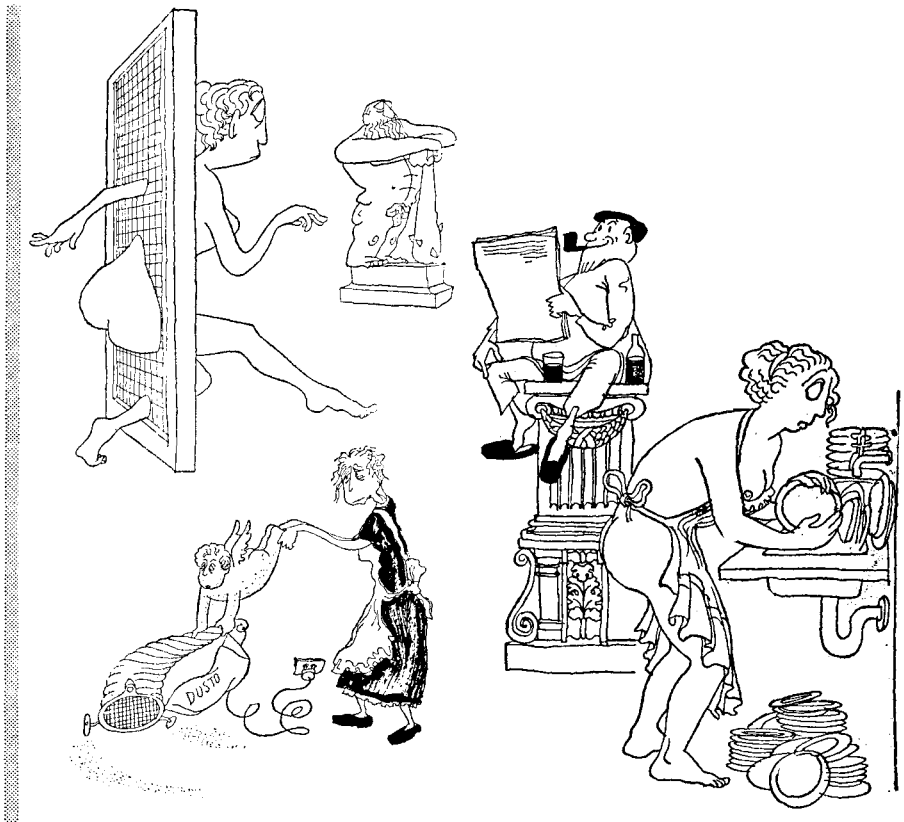
Louis, however, innocently gave as good as he got. That same night

the rain fell with such violence that we could not hear each other speak, and it seemed as though the house must be crushed by the weight of the water falling upon it. In the middle of the night Louis arose, made a light, and fell to writing verses.

THE diary makes one wish that Fanny had written more. She was a great novelist *manqué*. Personalities, European and Samoan, are seized and fixed for eternity with the precision of a collector impaling a butterfly, and the customs of the islanders are understood instinctively and sympathetically. Consider, for example, this vivid passage:

A very pleasing old lady came up from Lesher and asked to be taken as a general servant. I jumped at the offer, but Lesher couldn't let her go. She had all the manners of a stage duchess and I never saw anyone get more expression into the countenance than she did. She complained of a want of food, pressing her hands upon the pit of her stomach to emphasize her statement that it was always empty. There was nothing in the place but grass, she said, and she was left there alone without provisions. . . . "Look at me!" she cried; "I got no belly allee same bullimakaw! [lean cow]." . . . She threw out both hands with all the fingers outspread, protruded her eyeballs, and allowing her jaw to drop like a dead person's, the lower lip falling away from it, sat a few moments as though petrified with the horror of her position.

Only a strong spirit and a keen sense of the ridiculous could have kept Fanny Stevenson going through the incredible difficulties of creating a livable home in Samoa. One servant, Henry, "always became lame if I asked any little service from him." A banana swamp gave her a fever "with the most alarming promptitude." Another servant, Paul, had a genius for disorganization and comic incapacity: sent to tie up a visitor's horse, he virtually strangled the animal because he tied it with a slip noose around the neck. A messenger sent to town was seen calmly to tear open the letter and abstract the money



STATUARY OFFENSES: George Molnar is an Englishman with a simple thesis, to wit: "I believe that all our troubles are caused by using abstract instead of human standards in our everyday life, in art, in politics, in economics. We have to stop that. We have to humanize ourselves. The first step is to have more statues." As his contribution to the first step, with an assist from the New York publishing house of E. P. Dutton, Mr. Molnar is offering an album of some eighty-five cartoons called **"Statues"** ($2.50), grouped under such categories as "Practical Home Statues," "Decorative Public Statues," and even "Statues and How to Make Them." Whether or not they succeed in proving his thesis, the cartoons do provide their share of smiles, as is shown by the examples above. The one at top left is an "Efficient Statue Adorning Two Rooms at Once"; the one at lower left is called "A Statue (mobile) Named Dusto"; the one on the right illustrates the "Horrible Fate of a Statue Named Pygmalion."

order. The storms were of incredible violence. Articles as varied as tools, leather straps, a pistol, buckets, fans, red and white wine, and smoking tobacco had to be kept in Mrs. Stevenson's bedroom against misuse or thievery. And yet out of this chaos (sent to make a bed for planting seeds, Paul pulled up all the finely growing coffee tree!) Fanny managed to create a home, quietness, and authority, so much so that she and Louis became unacknowledged political powers in the struggle for Samoa.

One final comic touch, from a visit to the "capital":

Mr. Haggard, who had had more to drink than was good for him, and besides was quite intoxicated with excitement and romantic feeling—He had several guns, a pistol and lots of ammunition and declared that he and all concerned with the land commission were, in case of the town being "rushed," going to hold the little matchbox of a building where their office is. To complete the romantic effect, he bitterly wanted women to protect, and besought Belle [Mrs. Isobel Osbourne Strong] and me to remain in town, ready to fly to the commissioners' office. He said we would lie under a table (on the upper floor) and hand cartridges out to him.

"No," I said, "I do not wish to be found dead, lying under a table shot through the stomach."

"Well, then," he rejoined, "*I'll* go under the table and hand cartridges to *you*, and you can shoot."

A woman who can joyously record episodes like this reminds one of Smollett or Dickens.

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Atoms in Geneva

I HAVE just returned from Geneva, where I had the good fortune of participating in the discussions of the International Conference on the Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy. The Conference was extraordinarily successful from several points of view, but with little question one of the more important aspects of the success consisted of the contacts between the Soviet and American scientists. A number of us had the opportunity of discussing scientific matters of mutual interest with our Soviet counterparts informally and for rather lengthy periods of time. By the end of the two-week period a number of cordial relationships had evolved, informal invitations were extended to visit each other's laboratories, and promises were made to keep in touch with each other's work by means of correspondence and the exchange of publications.

As the discussions went on it became obvious that the Russians were even more excited than the Americans about the face-to-face meetings. Most of them, unlike the Americans, had been suffering under restrictions which prevented them from discussing their unclassified work with colleagues outside of the Soviet Union. By contrast, since the war many of the Americans had corresponded with and exchanged views with scientists from many Western countries. But the Geneva Conference gave most of the participating Soviet scientists their first opportunity since the end of the war to exchange views with scientists from outside the iron curtain countries.

From our discussions with the Russians there emerged clearly a fact which some of us had known before and which others had suspected: namely, that from the scientific and technological point of view the Soviet scientists and engineers are not naive. They are not fools; they have demonstrated considerable originality; they have demonstrated the ability to ask the proper questions in the laboratory; they have demonstrated the ability to obtain from the laboratory the correct answers. It seems clear that the Soviet successes in the nuclear field have resulted less from the Fuchses, the Mays, and the Pontecorvos than from the substantial and rapidly growing core of well-trained scientists and engineers who have applied themselves to the nuclear and related sciences in the USSR.

Closely connected with the emergence of this fact was the dramatic presentation of nuclear cross-section data which had been obtained by research workers in several countries and which had been classified from the security point of view prior to the conference. It was not particularly surprising to the scientists that the independent measurements agreed so well. But the presentations coupled with the beautiful agreement of the data constituted a dramatic demonstration of the fact that you cannot keep a secret from a man who knows the proper questions to ask of nature and who has the means of persuading nature to divulge the answers.

If the members of the joint Senate-House Committee on Atomic Energy who were in Geneva at the time absorbed these facts, then from this point of view alone the meeting should be considered a success by the Americans. Although the Committee members did not actually attend any appreciable part of the Conference they were apparently briefed in their hotel from time to time by the leaders of the American delegation.

ONLY time will tell for how long the cordial scientific relations which were established at Geneva will last. That cordial relations have been established at all is little short of amazing in the light of the nature of the relationships between the U.S. and the USSR during the last few years. And it is clear that but a slight change of atmosphere within either country would be sufficient to reestablish once again the walls of silence. Nevertheless there is hope that this first contact on a broad scale may be the forerunner of many more contacts over a period of years—contacts which may contribute to a better understanding between the two nations and eventually to the establishment of a secure peace.

It is tempting for us to attribute the changed Soviet-American relationships at this level almost entirely to a change in Soviet policy. This of course has been a necessary condition but it has by no means been a sufficient condition. An equally important aspect has been a noticeable change in the atmosphere in the United States during the course of the last few months. This changed atmosphere was illustrated dramatically by a prominent foreign-born American physicist who was moved during one of the sessions on theoretical physics to praise publicly the Soviet scientists for their outstanding work on a particular problem. They had, he said, used a novel approach which had not been thought of in the United States and they had executed the novel approach with great competence. After the meeting my friend said to me: "Do you realize that if I had made such a statement a year ago I probably would not have been permitted to return to the United States?"

Most of us who participated in the Geneva Conference recognize that the roof may fall in at any time and that the situation may revert overnight to its previous status. But in spite of this tongue-in-cheek attitude I believe that most of us emerged from Geneva with an optimism which I have not seen in scientific circles since the war.

—H. B.

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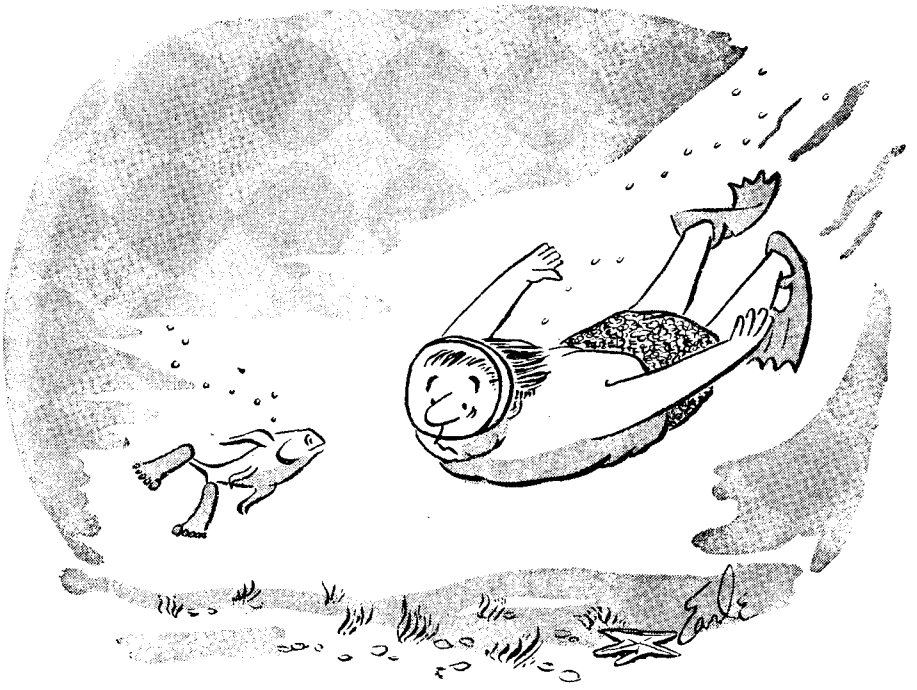
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

FROM THE PAPER CUTTERS



We read Bernard Kalb's piece "Save That Paperback!" [*SR* Aug. 13] with considerable interest and enjoyment, heightened by the fact that we are The Paper Cutters mentioned as the originators and producers of "Bind-A-Book," the kit for binding paper-covered books. His criticism that no address was given on the kit has now been corrected: each and every kit reads like our letterhead: 160 Harrison Ave., Harrison, N.Y., and we do crave customer testimonials. We left it off because we didn't know anyone would want to know our address.

We have to admit an error on the instruction sheet. When the kit was first produced it contained materials to bind *six* books and sold for $1.95. This was later changed to the smaller three-in-a-box unit, which sold for 98¢. Unfortunately, we never did change the reference in the instruction sheet to the amount of glue ("contains more than enough to bind six books") and this has plagued us as it plagued Kalb. The tube does contain more than enough to bind *three* books, but our customers think they have twice as much glue as they need, and do get glue on their fingers. We hope Kalb's euphoria-filled friend isn't stuck somewhere in his apartment, unable to reach the telephone, doomed by our error.

Allan S. Woodle.

Harrison, N.Y.

A KEY TO CANCER?

I was delighted to see your review of the Krebiozen volumes ("The Great Krebiozen Mystery" by John Haverstick [*SR* Aug. 13]). I think Mr. Haverstick did a very good and creditable job. Herbert Bailey did, as was indicated on page twenty-seven, center top, make this statement, "The backers do not claim that Krebiozen is a cure; they simply believe that . . . more experimentation in it might prove . . . "not that Krebiozen itself was a basis of cure, but would lead the way to a better understanding of factors affecting the cancer patient."

I can assure you that the incredible cloak-and-dagger background to this thing is a fact and at the same time is the factor that keeps the public and especially medicine from believing that any part of it is true. I am sure that in time, as in the case of Pasteur and others, it will prove the correctness of the research findings as being just another key to unlock the many mysteries intended to an understanding of how cancer operates and how it can be inhibited; to me a most expressive proof that principles and nothing else were involved is Dr. Andrew Ivy's insistence that there are things that must be found out about the action of Krebiozen and his sacrifice of so many things in order to adhere to his own principles. He had plenty to do, lots of research, lots of other things, he did not have to commit himself to this heartbreaking project of which he *never* expected any money.

Hedwig S. Kuhn, M.D.

Hammond, Ind.

NO MIRACLE

There is probably no great mystery about Krebiozen, and I would not like your readers to raise any false hopes in another "miracle drug" against cancer. If the compound was developed from horses, as Dr. Stevan Durovic originally claimed, it was probably nothing more than the gonadotropin hormone extracted from the serum of pregnant mares. This closely resembles the gonadotropin produced by our own pituitary gland. It stimulates the sex glands in both men and women. It is, of course, common knowledge that the injection of sex hormones (male or female) can sometimes slow down the progress of certain cancerous growths. In a number of cases they may alleviate pain and give the patient a sense of well-being. They definitely do not cure cancer. If Senators Vandenberg and McMahon received any comfort from Krebiozen before they died it was probably the secondary effect of gonadotropic stimulation. Some excellent preparations of gonadotropin are produced by American pharmaceutical firms, in powder form. There is therefore no need to drag Argentinian horses into the matter.

Michael Fry, Sc.D.

New York, N.Y.

TOUCHING MEMOIR

I was pleased to read James Gutmann's touching memoir of Irwin Edman [Sept. 3]. Both men were among the teachers I remember with more than delight from my days at Columbia.

I was abroad when I read that Irwin had died. I will always remember the shock of that discovery just as I recall my sense of loss on learning of Franklin D. Roosevelt's untimely death. Both events were personal tragedies for very many people, and both, I am convinced, were losses of substantial importance to their country and the world. Each man represented something vastly larger than the pronunciamentos and speeches of politicians and self-appointed wise men from other walks of life.

Walter Pitkin.

Westport, Conn.

THE POWER OF THOUGHT

You published an excerpt from a book by Paul S. Henshaw ("80,000 Hungry Mouths a Day" [*SR* Aug. 13]), which I understand is to be titled "Adaptive Human Fertility." Many of us have studied the "blind" population struggles of our fellow-inhabitants of this planet —birds, rodents, carnivores—so that in some groups we can see the establishment of population cycles of four to ten years or more duration. These cycles are affected by food supply and, according to latest scientific thought, also the psychosomatic effects of overcrowding. *Homo sapiens* is the one creature that has been granted the brain development so that his future lies in his own hands—or thought. Are we as a people brainy enough to conceive our problem, and to so adapt our thinking to its solution?

Olus J. Murie.
The Wilderness Society.

Washington, D.C.

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FICTION

Twentieth-Century Knave

"Confessions of Felix Krull, Confidence Man," by Thomas Mann *(translated by Denver Lindley. Alfred A. Knopf. 384 pp. $4.50), perhaps the great German's last novel, is the story of a charming rogue.*

By Siegfried Mandel

THE SUBJECT matter of "Confessions of Felix Krull, Confidence Man: The Early Years," Thomas Mann's latest and perhaps last novel, had been in the back of his mind for more than forty years. At intervals he had published fragments, which compose about a fourth of the present volume. It may seem strange that Mann waited so long to concentrate on the completion of one of his earliest projects, for he took a great and personal delight in the creation of this picaresque swindler whose charm made a whole host of victims supremely happy.

On the face of it, Felix Krull seems light-heartedly removed from the physically and philosophically tortured artists in Mann's more profound works. Actually, in the evolution of Mann's characters, he is the most advanced because of his supreme detachment and objective manipulation of his surroundings: the world is his oyster.

During the Nazi terror Mann explained his departure from his native land through the assertion that he was better suited to stand as a representative of its intellectual tradition rather than as a martyr for his fellow Germans. Although his conscience frequently drove Mann into the political arena, he felt keenly the difference between relatively passive literary polemics and the sort of active martyrdom which he admiringly described in an essay on Pastor Martin Niemöller, whose defiance of tyranny he calls "so beyond the bounds of proper bourgeois behavior." The artist, he declared, also rebels against such moral "impropriety," but he dissipates his rebellion. This conviction recurs again and again in Mann's fictional writing, where the artist, when assailed by the conflicting demonic demands of his craft and the demands of political life, instead of resolving the conflict allows himself to suffer inner degeneration. It was only with the appearance of "The Holy Sinner," in which Gregory rises from deepest sin to highest sanctity, and now of Felix Krull, that Mann's characters emerge from subjective immolation, shorn of irrational self-torture and ready to understand the real world.

"I regard nothing human as alien to me," is Felix Krull's motto throughout a career of roguery abetted by an

Thomas Mann: 1875-1955

A LONG life, solidly founded, pursued with that meticulous seriousness of the German protestant and astoundingly productive for over half a century, has come to an end. Only two months after it paid homage to the octogenarian "a shocked and respectful world received the news of his decease." Mann belonged to an extraordinary generation: Gide, Proust, Valéry, Hofmannsthal, Rilke, Joyce, and Kafka were his contemporaries. He has now followed them, and in his work, that immense series of fiction from "Buddenbrooks" and "Death in Venice" to the "Magic Mountain," "Joseph," and "Doctor Faustus," he has incomparably enriched our imaginative history.

He was a civilized German, from beginning to end profoundly attached to the forms of life, the intellectual resources, the moral convictions that he inherited and that remained, however detached his view of them may sometimes have been, the mainspring of his achievement as man of letters. One must know that tradition, compounded of conservatism and social compassion, individualism and discipline, pathos and skepticism, to do justice to Mann's character. Schopenhauer, Wagner, Nietzsche, the great representatives and critics of the nineteenth century, were his teachers and models. From them he learned to respect and at the same time to question the elemental claims of life and mind upon one another. Their desperate preoccupation with the chances of the individual in an increasingly inhuman society, and particularly the efficacy of the artist within that world, remained his own constant theme. Just as for Lessing or Schiller, for Goethe or, indeed, Tolstoy—to all of whom he paid his respects—it was a moral impulse that led him to focus so steadily upon the matter of art.

Whether early or late in his work, in "Tonio Kroeger" or "The Beloved Returns" or "Faustus," the pursuit of art was no mere esthetic pastime; the icy accomplishments of the pure artist seemed to him to spring not from an enviable but a tragic disposition. Art, he never tired of reiterating it, was one of the devices by which man, with all due respect for the fascinating powers of corruption, might hold unreason in check. The artist, the writer, subject and object at once of this unceasing interplay of extremes, was for Mann the very symbol of the resolute, the articulate human being, who, in an age of crumbling certainties, must face the task, however disturbing, of taking stock and of maintaining what may often appear an absurd faith in the marvelous resources of man.

This human being he observed and rendered with the clinical precision of the modern novelist. Yet, even in his most analytical mood he would not yield to the temptation of radically dissolving the living shape, the recognizable presence of his created figures. In spite of an enormous technical virtuosity, in spite of such impressive extensions in the form of the modern novel as he provided in his greatest works, he remained in the company of the masters of realistic fiction. It was to Dickens, Flaubert, Conrad that he often declared his allegiance. Proust he was inclined to underrate; for Dostoevsky he felt, like so many Europeans, excessive admiration: the moralist in Mann would sometimes unduly press his claims. To the end—in that wonderfully rich life history of Felix Krull the swindler—he was a superb teller of tales, the greatest that the Germans have produced. But he was more than that: his cultivated intelligence, his humor and irony, and, above all, his unfailing trust in the creative enegies of life will secure him a place among those to whom we shall again and again turn for wisdom and encouragement.

—VICTOR LANGE.

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enviable physique, a gloriously elegant tongue, and an intuitive grasp of human psychology. As Krull leisurely unfolds his first-person confessions, reminiscent of Jean Jacques Rousseau in their disarming frankness, we watch a series of episodes in which Krull, as a child, discovers his natural talents for forgery, love-making, and simulating illness at will. After his gout-plagued father ran a wine factory dry and thereupon died, Krull was forced to deploy his talents. In a scene staged with devastating satire, he avoids military conscription by throwing an epileptic fit and then with bravura demanding to be put into uniform.

Paris opened up new vistas for Krull. While awaiting his grand opportunity, he diverts himself with a few profitable as well as amorous affairs. Expert as is his mimicry of an aristocratic, fashion-plated dandy, he is spotted for what he is by the young Marquis de Venosta. The setback is only temporary: soon Krull is agreeing to assume the Marquis's identity and travel abroad in his stead on a subsidy provided by his parents to lure their errant son from the pleasures of Paris. To carry out this piece of deception requires vast ingenuity, but Krull rises to the challenge.

In his chosen field Krull is a consummate artist. Whether or not Mann intended it, there are unmistakable signs of self-parody here. Mann's prodigious ability to assimilate and finely rephrase information gathered from all corners of the sciences and arts belongs to Krull as well. With fanatic intentness the confidence man stores up details as accurately as a microfilm, and holds them in reserve for spontaneous use. When Krull meets an encyclopedic professor of paleontology who spouts dizzily on evolution, comparative anatomy, and the universe in general, Krull's verbatim repetition of this wisdom enables him to score a social success.

One of the last statements Thomas Mann ever made consisted of this melancholy reflection: "If I look back at the development of the world within my lifetime I must say that an amazing technological progress was accompanied by a shocking cultural and moral retrogression." And it is such works as "Felix Krull" which hold a mirror up to the absurdities of our time. What we see is grotesque, but it is the truth as only pure comedy can show it. It is to be hoped that this will not be the last we hear of Felix Krull; that other manuscripts in which he figures survive to complete one of the most effective showpieces in Mann's repertoire.

Denver Lindley's translation of this volume is excellent.

Walk Through Hell

"Maybe I'm Dead," by Joe Klaas *(Macmillan. 406 pp. $4.50), is the story of a forced march of Allied prisoners across Germany so that their captors might prevent their liberation by Soviet troops.*

By Merle Miller

JOE KLAAS has chosen an epic theme for his novel. The time is late January 1945. The Battle of the Bulge was then over. It had been a good try, but it had failed. The Germans had clearly lost the war; the Russians were sweeping in from the East, and Patton's tanks were racing in from the West.

On the morning of the twenty-seventh Robert Donat, speaking from London, announced that Soviet troops had reached Steinhau. That meant that they were only twenty kilometers from Stammlager Luft III, and to the thousands of French, Norwegian, Polish, British, and American prisoners freedom that morning seemed imminent. They had only to wait a bit, and they were used to that. Some of them had been there for more than three years. But by nightfall or the next morning at the latest they would be on their way home. The Americans, with a small group of whom Mr. Klaas has concerned himself, thought they would be wolfing down steak by Valentine's Day. Only a few of the pessimists thought the journey would take longer—until Easter, perhaps.

Instead, the Germans launched one of their final atrocities of the war. Europe was in the midst of the coldest winter in twenty years; the prisoners had been on half rations for twelve months, but that night about ten thousand of them, badly dressed, some already sick and dying, started a trek across Germany—on foot. The temperature was forty below.

Thousands of deaths later, the Germans, after a warning from Anthony Eden, packed the still surviving prisoners into forty-and-eight cars, fifty men to a car. Eventually they were liberated by American troops.

Mr. Klaas has written about those who died along the way and about those who eventually did get home. The rather austere biographical note on the jacket of his novel does not reveal whether or not he went on that death march. Presumably he did.

JIM WEIS, the central figure of this novel, had the same background and almost identical war experiences. What's more, he is the Writer Fellow we have come to expect in the panoramic war novel. Weis takes 130,000 words of manuscript and seventy-one poems in his pack, and we are given considerable information about his past but almost no insight into it.

—Kennell-Ellis.

Joe Klaas—"a good ear."

It is from Weis, too, that the title of Mr. Klaas's book has come. "Sometimes I wonder if I didn't get killed when my plane burned in Tunisia. Maybe I'm dead and don't know it. Did you ever stop to think that if there is such a thing as hell this is hell?"

Mr. Klaas was surely there, and the experiences must have been profound and unforgettable, and it is not surprising that he wanted to write a book about it. Since he has waited more than ten years to publish it, we can assume that he has worked hard; the labor shows too—but in a negative way. The theme is certainly bloody enough, but the novel itself is bloodless. The characters suffer, and some of them die, but they remain curiously detached. They stand around and talk about what is happening to them. They use the vernacular of the Army, but their attitudes are Jamesian. And Mr. Klaas is reluctant to use that drab little verb "said"; his characters exclaim, cry, groan, call, grunt, comment, boom, hiss, curse, and chime in. They also do a lot of grinning, but so did Prewitt.

Mr. Klaas has a good ear, and he has a good memory, but "Maybe I'm Dead" is a stale book. Novels are sometimes published in a vacuum, but they should never be written in one; thus, they have to be judged by what has come before, and, except for the setting, there is just not very much new in "Maybe I'm Dead."

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Lone-Star Life

"Haunted Hacienda," by Madison Cooper *(Houghton Mifflin. 303 pp. $3.75), captures between book covers some of the colorful episodes—the duels, stagecoach hold-ups, Indian scalpings, (and the romance) that characterized life on the Texas frontier right after the War Between the States.*

By Lon Tinkle

WITH a dramatic vigor matching its subject, "Haunted Hacienda," Madison Cooper's new—and short—novel about frontier Texas achieves a remarkably vivid reconstruction of post-Civil War life in the West.

Appropriate too is Cooper's essentially romantic attitude toward experience, like that of Balzac. And as with Balzac, this love of the high-voltage incident or emotion is chastened by a nineteenth-century love of detailed documentation. But where Balzac ranked love second to money in determining human behavior, Cooper reverses their roles. Just as in his earlier two-volume "Sironia, Texas" (the longest novel ever published in America), in his new book sex is a daily twenty-four-hour preoccupation in frontier areas devoid of metropolitan diversions, no matter what disguises it may take.

This time Cooper limits his scope, concentrating on adolescence, with the major drama condensed into a few weeks. Even so, we are treated to amazingly minute re-creations of duels, stagecoach hold-ups, Baptist "box suppers," Indian scalpings, barbecues, courtship on the front porch, in church, in buggies, and just anywhere, Texas-size "practical" jokes, gubernatorial campaigns, secrets of melodramatic velocity about parentage and infidelity, runaway horses, fist fights, drunkenness, drought, and courtship again, this time at Aunt Mollie Bailey's justly famed Texas circus.

MADISON COOPER'S narrative skill is so instinctive and so vital he is able to make you smell, taste, see, hear, and touch all these events fully without ever losing sight of the people involved in them. This is not a succession of tableaux but a developed drama. The setting is West Texas cattle country, at the small town of Plaza, an ancient Mexican settlement now taken over by the Anglos.

When ranch hands ever got time to dream up their mournful dirges about "the lone prair-ee" is not evident from this novel. There was never a dull moment at Plaza in 1880. The same holds for the reader there vicariously.

Cooper's title may mislead. The novel is neither a "Western" nor a "mystery." The title is symbolic, summarizing the author's ultimate meaning: we all store away, as we mellow, haunted "attics" in our memory which lose their fearsome power over us only as we mature into clear-sighted perception of our own motives and those of others. Unobtrusively this sound—and altogether fashionable—attitude toward "personal guilt" is firmly conveyed. It is a genuine refreshment to find in a frontier-life novel the belief that *tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner*. Yes, even the villains.

As hero in this spirited American past Cooper wisely yet unexpectedly chooses an Italo-American youth in exile from Chicago. Why not? Another symbol of the attempt to transplant the old world to the wilderness, and indeed many Texas communities have had their foreign-born leader distinguished in local history: Czechs, Poles, Germans, British, Spanish, even Russian and Portuguese, not to name all.

Wisely too, Cooper stresses man-woman relationships. Often overly direct when not overly sentimental, love was nonetheless the major experience on the frontier as soon as the scattered little townships made family life an actuality. So finally this intensely readable, if sometimes melodramatic, novel says important things not just about the West but about growing up anywhere.

—Bob Ponder.

Madison Cooper—"narrative skill."

Notes

WIFE'S REBELLION: In "Dust Over the City" (Putnam, $3.50) a French-Canadian writer named André Langevin has produced an arresting variation on a favorite French theme, that of marital infidelity. The story of the bored, childishly romantic young wife who is subjected to the provincial restrictions of the dreary town where her husband has chosen to practise medicine has, of course, been told with consummate mastery by Flaubert, and M. Langevin has perhaps been wise in not attempting to compete, in his unconvincing sketch of Madeleine, with Flaubert's portrait of Emma Bovary. What he has done, with considerable success, is to trace his vulgar heroine's rebelliousness in terms of its disintegrating effect on her husband, a confused but complex cuckold who chooses, almost as a gratuitous effort of perverse will, to consider his wife blameless.

Told in a flat, economical prose, yet one whose telling images and precise emotional effects bespeak an arduous search for *le mot juste*, "Dust Over the City" succeeds in being always a fascinating stylistic exercise, while failing to achieve complete narrative credibility. The translation is by John Latrobe and Robert Gottlieb.

—JEROME STONE.

THE WAY OF THE GAEL IN FICTION: If there were any such thing as a typical Irish story the opening tale of **"44 Irish Stories,"** edited by Devin A Garrity, (Devin-Adair, $5) would be it. For in Paul Vincent Carroll's "She Went by Gently" the immense compassion of a humble mountain woman is distilled through racial modes of thought and speech that have put the track of the Gael on the English tongue. The multi-faceted Irishness of this prose poem is reflected throughout the anthology. Its musical dialogue, oneness with nature, quiet humor, and Celtic other-worldliness have counterparts in MacMahon's "The Cat and the Cornfield," Walsh's sentimental "Come Back, My Love," and a dozen more tales. The other-worldliness finds diverse echoes in Yeats's somber folk tales, Dunsany's lyrical elf parable, O'Conaire's Gothic shocker, and Collier's yarn of a Connaught Circe. Even G. B. Shaw, Mr. Skeptic himself, spins a weird narrative of the supernatural. Fortified sometimes by spirits of another order, the Irish comic genius is well represented, nowhere more hilariously than in Frank O'Connor's "The Drunkard." A poverty-haunted peo-

(*Continued on page* 44)

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SCIENCE AND MAN

Onward and Upward from the Cell

"Cells and Societies," by J. T. Bonner *(Princeton University Press. 226 pp. $4.50), is an exposition of the nature of animal societies; written by a biologist, it is addressed to laymen. Our reviewer is Professor Marston Bates of the University of Michigan, author of "The Nature of Natural History" and other books.*

By Marston Bates

THERE seems to be something wrong with the teaching of biology in America—perhaps with all science teaching at the college level. Here is a field of knowledge, science, that has obviously transformed the world in which we live, not only in a material sense but in an intellectual sense, affecting in some degree every other field of knowledge. Yet the average student feels no urge to find out about either the content or the methods of science. When he is forced to take science courses by the requirements of the curriculum he picks courses not because they have a reputation for being interesting or exciting, but because they are said to be the easiest of those available. And he seems generally to come through with all of his prejudices confirmed about science as a dull subject. What is said about courses in science for the student can be said about books on science for the general reader, except that the reader does not have to meet a curriculum requirement, so he simply refrains from buying books on science.

J. T. Bonner's "Cells and Societies" reminds me of one of the difficulties in the case of biology. A friend once remarked to me that "the trouble with biologists is that they are enamored of the cell." They start their books—and their courses—with this unfamiliar cell that you can only see with a microscope, and that you can hardly understand without long struggles with rather difficult concepts in physics and chemistry. Surely this is not necessary—as Mr. Bonner proves. He is out to explain some of the basic principles and processes of living organizations. He starts, however, not with the cell, but with monkey-watching at the zoo—an occupation that all of us have indulged in.

"All living things have a certain sameness," Mr. Bonner remarks, "and one does not have to scratch far below the surface to see this. We can learn some of the basic principles of life from animal societies, from a single cell, or from a multicellular organism." So why start with the most difficult and unfamiliar of the units of organization?

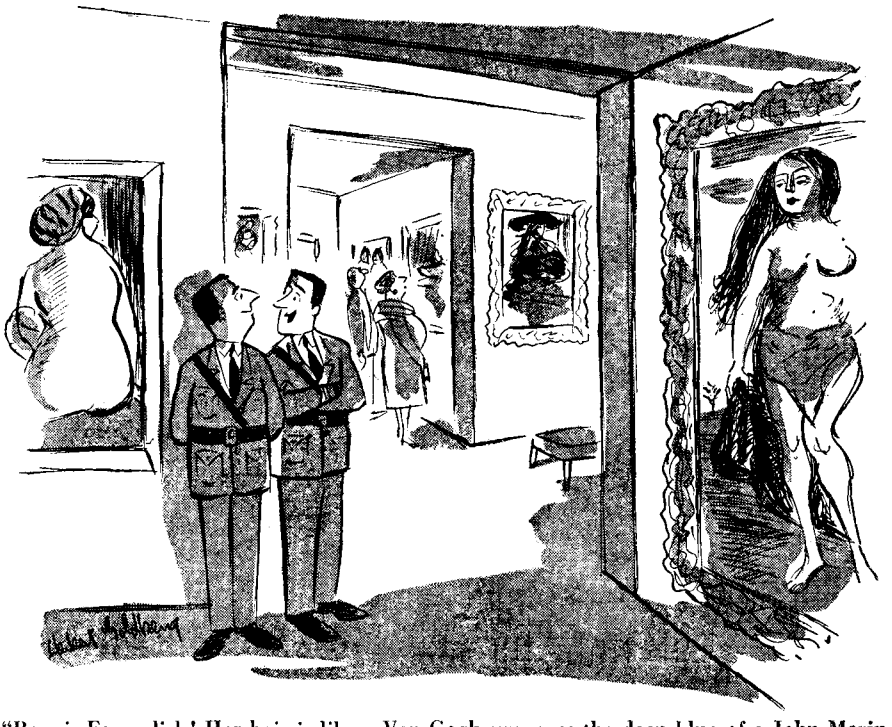
"To put the matter with utmost brevity, all animal societies have certain activities in common and of these we will choose three: a society takes in food so that its individual members may be nourished, a society perpetuates itself by reproduction, and a society has some coordination, some integration or communication between its members." All of which, of course, applies not only to animal societies, but to individual animals, as societies of cells; and to single cells as, in a way, societies of different kinds of parts.

AFTER his introductory glance at monkeys in the zoo, Mr. Bonner goes on to describe in some detail C. R. Carpenter's study of the social organization of howling monkeys in Panama, by far the finest study so far made of any social primates in the wild. The monkeys are close enough to man to give us a glimpse of what the social organization of our prehuman ancestors may have been like.

Mr. Bonner pauses, after his description of the howling monkeys, to look at some general questions of the evolution of social organization. Then, with this background he goes on to review some of the other best-studied mammal societies—the fur seals, the red deer of Scotland so beautifully described by Fraser Darling, and beavers. From these mammals he plunges into the strange world of the insects where the ants, bees, and termites have achieved a horrible perfection in the subordination of the individual to the group so that the group, the society, seems clearly to act as a "superorganism."

The reader is thus led gradually and gently from the familiar to the unfamiliar—to colonial hydroids, colonies of cells, and finally, in the middle of the book, to that bugaboo of freshmen, the single cell itself. Mr. Bonner then starts to build back up—looking at feeding, reproduction, development, and coordination in plants, and at corresponding phenomena in animals. He ends with a brief glance at human societies. It is not really an end, but an opening of a biological door into the world of the social sciences.

We thus have a novel and fascinating introduction to some of the basic material of biology. It ought to interest the "general reader." Whether it will or not, I don't know—the general reader is a wary animal and particularly suspicious of anything that smells of science.



"Boy, is Fay a dish! Her hair is like a Van Gogh sun, eyes the deep blue of a John Marin sea, Titian red lips, built like a Rubens, and drives a Cézanne green caddy convertible."

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The Psychologist's Dilemma

"Becoming," by Gordon W. Allport *(Yale University Press. 106 pp. $2.75), is a discussion of what its author, a Harvard psychologist, calls "basic considerations for a psychology of personality." Rollo May, author of "Man's Search for Himself," reviews it below.*

By Rollo May

FOR the past two centuries the Western world has pursued with single-minded devotion and tremendous success the understanding and control of the physical and biological aspects of life. But about man himself—man the knower upon whose character the direction of this new and overwhelming physical power depends—we have known practically nothing. It takes little imagination to see the great peril in which this loss of perspective places us.

But a significant change is on the horizon. The necessary interest in the understanding of man is present on all sides—witness the prevalence of psychological thinking in contemporary art, literature, religion. Witness, too, the fact that the concern for training in psychology in our colleges and universities has reached unprecedented proportions. The critical issue is whether psychology can give us central or only peripheral insight into man, his faith and values, and such problems as why he hates and what keeps him from loving. This is the issue which called forth Gordon Allport's new book, "Becoming."

"I have written this essay," he remarks, "because I believe that modern psychology is in a dilemma." In essence the dilemma is a struggle between the Lockean tradition in psychology, with its emphasis on the mind as a *tabula rasa*, a mere passive recipient of stimuli and conditioning from the outside, and the Leibnitzian tradition which sees the human mind as having an active, self-propelling center of its own.

The Lockean tradition has been dominant in England and the United States, chiefly because of the Anglo-Saxon predilection for studying the rational, predictable, measurable aspects of experience and the American genius for seizing upon overt techniques. Behaviorism, animal psychology, stimulus response psychology and their cousins, says Allport, fit into this wing. Obviously the experimental psychologist, working in his laboratory with these methods, can produce significant data. But the catch is that these approaches by themselves omit the most significant aspects of the human personality, such as the higher forms of reasoning, the capacity of man to transcend the immediate situation and make decisions in long-range terms, and the elements of human freedom and responsibility essential for ethical living.

"Man talks, laughs, feels bored, develops a culture, prays, has a foreknowledge of death, studies theology, and strives for the improvement of his own personality," Allport notes. "The infinitude of resulting patterns is plainly not found in creatures of instinct. For this reason we should exercise great caution when we extrapolate the assumptions, methods, and concepts of natural and biological science to our subject matter."

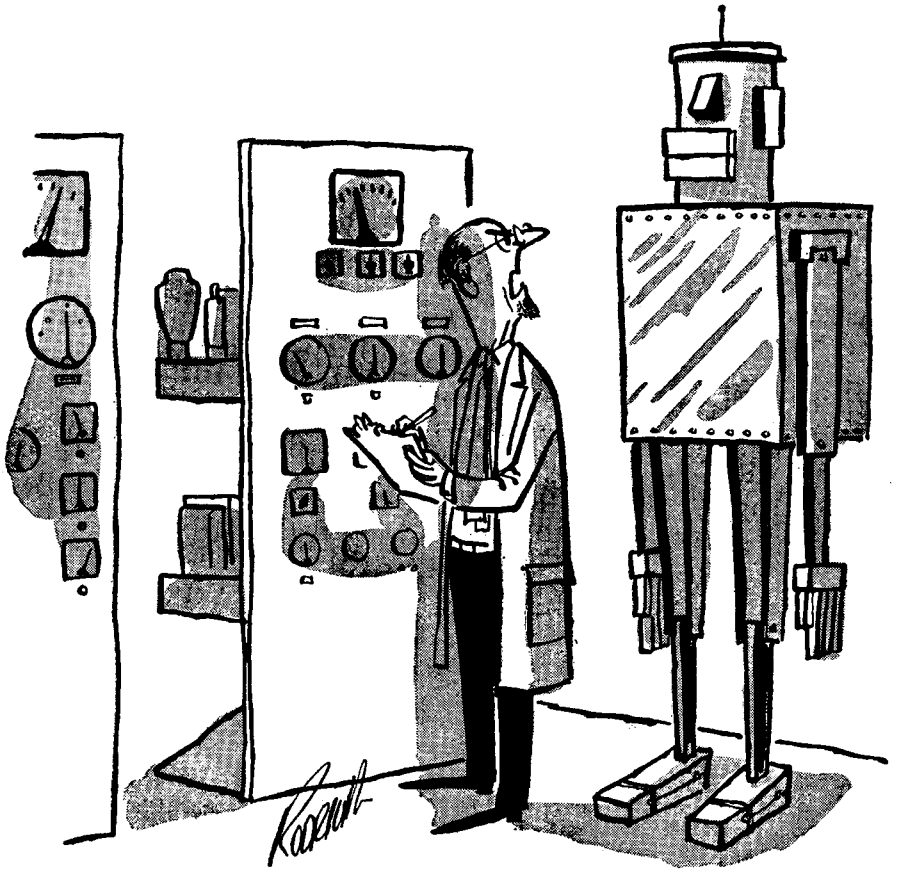
Woven around the central theme of this book—"becoming"—are discussions of those emergent qualities in the growing individual which ultimately constitute the mature human being.

The chapters on uniqueness, individuation, and the emergence of the baby's smile and other aspects of potentially social behavior are especially important. We are in truth, psychologically as well as biologically, interdependent one with another in our most basic responses. This is not to say, again, that the individual is merely the product of the society. Allport holds that while culture is indeed a major condition in becoming, "personal integration is always the more basic fact."

TO BE sure, Freud and Adler may be correct that neurotic anxiety and the other pathological conditions of personality are set by the time the person is three or five years old, but it is not true that healthy personality is irreparably conditioned by that age. The healthy person is continually "free to become."

Though this book is aimed at the academic reader, Allport writes gracefully, with sharp penetration and rich catholicity. I have always felt that he shares with William James and John Dewey the resolute capacity to see man as *human* regardless of whatever particular scientific trends may hold sway at any given moment. All-

(*Continued on page* 45)



". . . and stop calling me 'Daddy'."

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AMERICANA

High-Jinks in Gilded Bohemia

"Untold Friendships," by Schuyler Livingston Parsons *(Houghton Mifflin. 252 pp. $4), are the memoirs of a well-born New Yorker who lived up to the gayest traditions of the* haut monde.

By Allen Churchill

FIFTY or a hundred years ago it was customary for merchant princes and others whose lives had been rich and full to sit down in retirement and write out the facts of these lives. The resulting volumes were not autobiographies; they were too artless and matter-of-fact for that. But they could be called "memoirs," and usually were published—a fact for which later writers and researchers have offered up many a murmur of thanks. For artless or not, such books offered a valuable picture of the times.

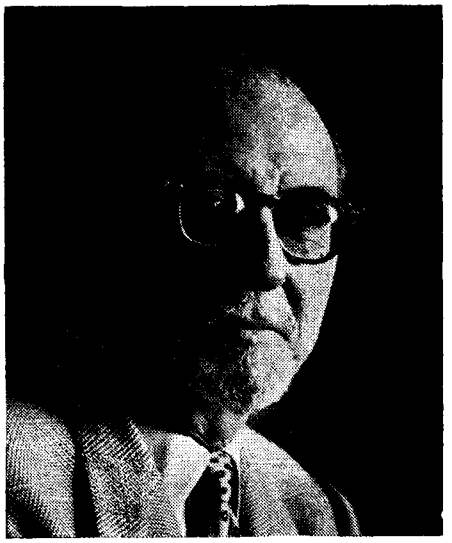
Schuyler Livingston Parsons's "Untold Friendships" is—for our time—just such a memoir, and future historians (not to mention quite a few readers today) will be glad of it. For Mr. Parsons, now at the mellow years, looks back on a life spanning two peculiar phases of contemporary life.

Anyone aware of American names can tell at a glance that he comes from New York society, and well-heeled society at that. When his grandfather decided to move the family uptown from Bleecker Street he bought the block on the east side of Fifth Avenue between Forty-second and Forty-third Streets. At the dinner parties young Schuyler first attended men servants wore dress livery, with knee britches and silk stockings. Daily his grandmother, who lived at 505 Fifth, cleared out her friends, then sat back to receive her sons and grandsons, who dutifully came at teatime to pay their respects.

Schuyler went to Harvard with Robert Benchley, Osgood Perkins, and Vinton Freedley. He reached his interesting years in the Gilded Twenties, when millionaires had private railroad cars, yachts, and "weekends that grew into weeks of pleasure." In this giddy world he was quite able to take care of himself for "I had inherited what seemed to me more money than I would ever need, my friends were rich, and there was no incentive to work."

But he was never what you'd call idle. Soon he was recognized as an expert on food, wines, horse racing, thoroughbred breeding, interior decoration, antique porcelain, furniture, art, landscaping, and bridge. Then, instead of sinking into the role of contented clubman, his life took a new turn. "On the surface," he says, "I was a benighted snob, but at heart I was a bohemian, loving everything artistic, devoted to the theatre and its people."

Love of the theatre and its mad, mad people became the dominant drive of his life. In 1924 he bought a strip of land off Long Island, named it Pleasure Island, and began what seems to be among the great parties of all time. Hardly a night passed without Gertie, Bea, and dear Noel racing down after the theatre. Behind them, as likely as not, came Mayor Jimmy Walker, his way cleared by a motorcycle escort, his limousine full of Broadway showgirls. In New York his winter parties on 39th Street became so famous that the State Department humbly requested permission for the visiting Queen Marie of Rumania to look in on one. In the fulsome columns of his friend Maury Paul, Mr. Parsons was invariably called The Prince of Hosts, and between party seasons the sybaritic fellow took high-level tours of Europe, crossing in luxury on someone's yacht, visiting only chic people, helping dear Elsa think up mad stunts for her balls. Life in the haut monde was not without frictions, though. He and Fanny Ward loved to gamble jointly at Monte Carlo, but one night "Fanny left the room; by the time she came back I had lost all our winnings. I thought she would kill me, and she made it so unpleasant that I moved over to Cannes the next day."



"Schuy" Parsons—"no incentive to work."

BUT it has not all been a gay romp for Mr. Parsons—"not because I was born with too large a silver spoon in my mouth, but because I did not take care of that spoon and appreciate its value, or realize that alcohol tarnishes silver."

He lost large sums gambling, more in the stock market. One night, full of martinis, he stepped down a flight of stairs that wasn't there. He landed on his head, suffering concussions that nearly killed him. It made him retire to Charleston, where he put his knowledge of antiques into shops there, at Aiken, and, later, at Newport. But with the right friends even the life of a semi-invalid in Charleston can be exciting. For one of her galas in New York darling Elsa leased a direct wire to his South Carolina bedroom so Schuy could listen to the revelry and talk to everyone. "Can you blame me for liking her?" he asks.

Never one to lie fallow mentally, Mr. Parsons soaked up enough Charleston lore to advise his good friend George Gershwin on "Porgy and Bess." His knowledge of art and antiques, abetted in his early years by none other than J. P. Morgan, made him successful with his shops and decorating, but he seems to have lapped up the profits.

A number of years ago, in Newport, he really hit bottom, pulled up by working behind a counter at Murphy's Market. Now he runs a bar accessory shop in Palm Beach, sustained by devoted nephews and nieces and the memories of a lively life, with all those whales of parties. Our favorite among them is one he gave for Lindbergh, in 1928. Learning the Lone Eagle liked music, he invited Gershwin and Cole Porter to play for the guest of honor. But Beverly Nichols, then Britain's Worst Boy, got to the piano first. "I played him 'Libido Baby,' my most immoral song," Mr. Nichols gushed later, telling of the incident. But he never finished it. Someone shoved him off the piano bench before the astonished Lindbergh really caught on.

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First Mr. America

"Amerigo and the New World," by Germán Arciniegas *(Alfred A. Knopf. 323 pp. $5), is a new telling of the life story of the controversial Florentine sailor who gave his name to our continent. Professor Garrett Mattingly of Columbia University reviews it below.*

By Garrett Mattingly

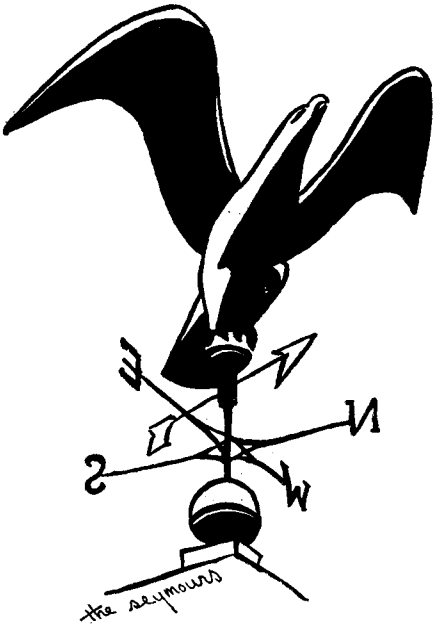
AMERIGO VESPUCCI had rather more than his share of fame and of obloquy. Because a popular leaflet published over his name contained the first printed assertion that beyond the islands discovered by Columbus lay a continent which was certainly not Asia, a German map maker marked the new land "America" and the name stuck. Because admirers of Columbus resented what seemed a slight to the Discoverer, they called Vespucci, among other things, a fraud, an imposter, and a thief of fame, and for a long time those names also stuck. Not justly. Whether or not Amerigo deserved to have two continents named after him, it is certain that he never sought the honor. Possibly he never even heard of it. Nor did he deserve at all the epithets like "vulgar swindler" and "ignorant landlubber" with which he was once belabored.

He was a Florentine, that is to say a citizen of the most civilized city of his time. He was of good family and respectable standing, the friend of humanists and statesmen and something of a scholar himself. He certainly made at least two voyages to the New World with important scientific results. And he ended his days as Pilot Major for the Spanish crown, not the sort of job to go to an ignorant landlubber.

All this has been known for some time, and in the last ten years or so, perhaps because 1954 was the five-hundredth anniversary of his birth, there has been a good deal written about him, important books and articles in Spanish and Italian and at least one in English, Frederick Pohl's excellent "Amerigo Vespucci: Pilot Major" (1944). All this fresh work is beginning to give us a balanced estimate of Amerigo's claim to fame.

But a good many puzzles remain. Just where did he sail and how many voyages did he make? Did he really write everything attributed to him, or was the pamphlet that made him famous in part, at least, a forgery? What were his actual relations with Columbus and the other notable seamen of his time? And what was he really like as a person? Florentine archives preserve many letters to and from Amerigo and even one of his schoolboy copybooks. But, as so often happens, all these documents leave the really important questions unanswered.

Germán Arciniegas, whose lively accounts of early Spanish America have been deservedly popular in translation here, has made a restudy of these Vespucci papers the chief basis of this new biography. He has drawn upon Florentine history for episodes more or less connected with his hero so that for its Florentine section his narrative has so much greater depth and color that it may fairly claim to be the first full-length biography. But in spite of all his researches he is still obliged to say too often: "Amerigo must have been present. . . ," "Amerigo must have known. . . ," "Amerigo must have talked to. . . ." In the Spanish section the conjectural nature of much of this account becomes even more apparent. For instance, Arciniegas plumps boldly for Vespucci's having made all four of the voyages once ascribed to him and having written them up in, substantially, the surviving text. This makes for a fuller and more entertaining narrative and may even be true, though most scholars these days do not think so. Probably no final decision is possible and a popular biography may be excused from rearguing the complex debate in full. But it might have been wiser to admit that there are grave difficulties to any solution, and some half dozen possible interpretations of the fragmentary evidence. This is a sprightly and plausible reconstruction of Amerigo's life. Perhaps it is as near to the truth as we shall ever get. But in the absence of more concrete evidence, the basic puzzles still remain.



Apologia for Texas

"Lone-Star Land," by Frank Goodwyn *(Alfred A. Knopf. 352 pp. $5), is the attempt of a native Texan turned Yankee to explain the essence of the state of his birth to the rest of the world. Here it is reviewed by Stanley Walker, sometime New York City editor now of Lampasas, Texas.*

By Stanley Walker

THE subtitle of "Lone-Star Land," Frank Goodwyn's study of the nation's most-discussed state, is "Twentieth Century Texas in Perspective," the clear implication being that here, at last, after all the windy magazine articles, the stage and television jokes, the legends of the vulgar new-rich, and such novels as Miss Edna Ferber's "Giant," is the low-down, the true dope from an honest observer.

Well, it is a large order. The trouble with trying to explain Texas is that what seems to one man a fair and accurate picture is a grotesque caricature to another. Strangers, viewing the state for the first time, are notoriously given to fantastic judgments. But, to make matters even more difficult, even the old-time residents of Texas are by no means in agreement on what the state is really like, why Texans are the way they are (whatever that is), and what are the underlying psychological factors.

Mr. Goodwyn, whose early life was passed mostly in the southern part of Texas, in the neighborhood of the great King Ranch, is now a professor of Spanish and Latin-American Civilization at the University of Maryland. Indeed, in his study of Texas he seems mostly at home, and sure of himself, in his discussion of South Texas and its life, especially the problems arising from the presence of Mexicans and Texans of Mexican descent. In dealing with the rest of the state he must be content with observations made during his travels, and facts and opinions gathered from many individuals. Most of his book is skimpy, and contains nothing new. In trying to avoid both muckraking and boosting, he succeeds in being flat in spots, with generalizations which have no more incisiveness than a Chamber of Commerce booklet.

In trying to get his "perspective" right, Mr. Goodwyn devotes three long and instructive chapters to matters which most Texas commentators would consider—perhaps mistakenly—

(*Continued on page* 42)

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Far from Earthly Cares

LONDON.

AT THE moment London's theatres are filled with an abnormally large percentage of Broadway imports (nine Broadway-born, in a total of twenty-eight, as opposed to two West End aliens in a total of seventeen shows playing on Broadway at the time of my departure). While this situation is a mark of the dwindling vitality of British dramatic writing, an examination of the non-American part of the fare being offered in London reveals that there still remains a quaint and carefree quality delightful for the theatregoer who wants a relief from the stepped-up pressures of contemporary American life.

The biggest hit, Terence Rattigan's "Separate Tables," seems to be a wonderfully accurate drawing of life in a small British residential hotel. Mr. Rattigan introduces two stormy incidents. The first concerns a brilliant man and a beautiful woman who when together destroy each other and when apart destroy themselves. And the second has to do with a sexual offender who when attacked by a domineering self-righteous woman gains the sympathy and understanding of the other inmates including this same woman's ugly and neurotic daughter. The tremendous transition in characterization achieved by Margaret Leighton, who plays both the beautiful woman in the first incident and the ugly daughter in the second, is miraculous and reminds everyone that Miss Leighton belongs in the very top echelon of British actresses. The rest of the cast has been superbly picked and Peter Glenville's direction is similarly impeccable. Thus "Separate Tables" is through the skill and good theatrical judgment of its creators able to weave a perfect theatre evening despite its obvious lack of the sounds or the actions of great drama.

What Rattigan & Co. have accomplished with the serious, William Douglas Home and a fine cast have nearly done with the comic. In "The Reluctant Debutante" the senseless frantic patter of a Mayfair existence is maintained through a situation in which a well-meaning mother finds she has maneuvered her seventeen-year-old daughter into the arms of a man with a bad reputation. Wilfred Hyde White and Celia Johnson are enormously sympathetic as the anxious parents. And Anna Massey, with a fresh performance in the title role, proves there's life in the family still.

Moving down the social ladder into a plot where fifteen shillings for a wedding bouquet is taken as seriously as the fifteen hundred pounds required to launch a debutante is Philip King's "Sailor Beware." This farce centers on the character of an outspoken interfering mother-in-law, and relies on most of the traditional gags. Here is a play that can run a year in London, where the top-price ticket is $2.10, but which would not stand much chance with a sophisticated modern audience.

In the field of musical comedy London has, of course, the original "The Boy Friend" without the New York "improvements." The laughter in London is not so loud or frequent, but one leaves the theatre dreamy-eyed and rejuvenated.

Sandy Wilson also has another musical comedy playing in London. Titled "The Buccaneer," it affectionately satirizes some of the forces that have resulted in a gap between the older generation and the children of today. It does this with an old-fashioned musical book in which a clean but absurdly antiquated comic book is rescued from the threat of being taken over by a commercial American publisher of space-sex-horror funnies. The score is strong throughout and in general has the flavor of vintage Rodgers and Hart. "The Buccaneer" is not going to blast anyone into applause. Rather it is liable to charm and amuse.

Other British musicals seem far less rewarding. "Salad Days," by Julian Slade, is more of a revue masquerading as a musical comedy, and "Twenty Minutes South," by Peter Greenwell and Maurice Browning, is a fairly humdrum and undistinguished serenade to the suburbanites who work in London offices. In the latter show there creep in signs of what may be an effort to imitate the current American musical comedy. This would seem an illogical goal for a small intimate theatre musical to pursue.

THE third general type of show that London offers is the Shakespeare revival. Sir John Gielgud, Peggy Ashcroft, and Claire Bloom are appearing in "Much Ado About Nothing" and "King Lear," the Old Vic is presenting "Julius Caesar" with a company that includes John Neville, Paul Rogers, and Wendy Hiller, and at Stratford-on-Avon there are "Macbeth," "Twelfth Night," and "Titus Andronicus" with Sir Lawrence Olivier and Vivian Leigh, plus productions of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and "All's Well That Ends Well." The Old Vic plans its own "Merry Wives" and revivals of "A Winter's Tale," "Troilus and Cressida," and "Othello" this season, while Paul Schofield will play "Hamlet" in the West End. Mr. Schofield will also perform in Denis Cannan's adaptation of Graham Greene's "The Power and the Glory" and in T. S. Eliot's "Family Reunion." And Alec Guinness is slated to do an adaptation of Feydian's farce "The Hotel of Free Exchange."

One benefit the smaller size of many London theatres makes possible is the presentation of plays with limited appeal. The Arts Theatre Club, which is London's equivalent of New York's Theatre DeLys, is presenting Stephen Beckett's "Waiting for Godot." This strange play about two tramps passing the time has provoked a great variety of reaction. Some regard it as undecipherable and pretentious, while others herald it as a brilliant and compassionate masterpiece.

Emlyn Williams has worked up a wonderful evening in which he enacts "Dylan Thomas Growing Up." Using bits from the late poet's prose works Mr. Williams skilfully etches a portrait of his fellow Welshman.

Finally, there are two plays translated from the French. One, Jean Anouilh's "The Lark" adapted by Christopher Fry, presents as Joan of Arc Dorothy Tutin, who has the pure girlishness required for a play in which M. Anouilh says almost as much about the difference between girls and women as he does about religion.

The other is Marcel Ayme's "Clerambard," which incidentally is Anouilh's favorite contemporary French play. The excellent cast features Clive Brook as the needy Count of Clerambard who thinks he has seen St. Francis and therefore turns from a zealously unchristian life to a zealously devout one. Mr. Brook is a bit too smooth in the role, and the rest of the cast with the exception of Alec McOwan, who plays the weak-willed son, and Mai Zetterling, as the prostitute, seem a bit too staid.

But is the British theatre ill advised in its shying away from drama that bursts the seams of their contemporary life? Aesthetically perhaps, but sociologically the British audiences suffer so much inhibition in their daily existences that they are not apt to spend money to have the fact rubbed in. —HENRY HEWES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

A Pride of Lions

WALT DISNEY'S "**The African Lion**" has shattered some of my misconceptions about lions. Perhaps it is only that I have not been around lions or zoos long enough, but I didn't know that lions have harems, that they go in for a lazy sort of family life, that the female does most of the work (hunting, cub-raising) and that the queen of the harem is pretty much the boss in a lion family. Let's say, for instance, that some majestic looking king of the beasts has found a nice, shady spot for a lion-nap. All a lady-lion has to do is come along, give a mild growl, and the king will shuffle off from the shady spot. While three or four of his harem are out on the difficult business of hunting wildebeeste, impala, and gazelle what does the king do? He just hangs around, waiting for the kill, then ambles in for his share of the carcass. All this is made clear in Disney's new "True-Life Adventure," and I found every minute of the seventy-five-minute feature fascinating.

This may be because I have a predisposition towards any movie shot in Africa. In fact, I have mildly longed for an African picture in which there were no people at all, just animals and scenery. This is just exactly what Mr. Disney (or to be more accurate, Alfred and Elma Milotte) have given us.

The Milottes, a husband-and-wife naturalist photography team, have worked on others of this notable series but, it's probably safe to say, never as hard as they have on this one.

They spent two and a half years hanging around water holes in Kenya, Tanganyika, and Uganda; they chased after gazelles, cheetah, elephants and giraffes, observing their hunting and grazing habits. What they managed to put on film is not so much new, as striking. A lot of motion-picture photographers have been grinding cameras in the African game preserve areas, but the Milottes have done the best job yet.

I am now wondering just why the lion is considered the king of beasts. He's a fine-looking fellow all right, but I'll take the cheetah any time. Just watch the cheetah in this movie run down a gazelle at a speed of over seventy miles an hour and you'll see what I mean. Now there's a cat that has truly majestic characteristics. Then there's the elephant, a beast that's not a bit afraid of lions, or seemingly of anything. The trouble about considering him royalty, I guess, is due to some of his personal habits. He's pretty sloppy—covers himself with dust for insecticide purposes, rolls around in muddy water holes—and doesn't have much grace when he walks. But he has noble qualities nevertheless, doesn't resort to cunning the way the lion does.

The Disney people in editing the footage have tried hard to show something of nature's pattern in the African plateau country. But they have also exercised some dramatic license by building up to the hunt sequences. I suppose this is allowable, but it does put some emphasis on the violence of nature, and doesn't necessarily help the point they try now and then to make—that the awesome African cat family hunts not for the excitement of the chase or the kill but because it needs food to live, breed, and lie around another day.

* * *

"**The Divided Heart**" is a nicely made British film about a Yugoslavian boy who has been adopted and raised by a German couple who had believed his parents dead. His real mother turns up, after having survived a residence in Auschwitz, and quite naturally wants him back. The dilemma of what to do about the problem is left to an Occupation tribunal to decide.

Charles Crichton, who is one of England's best directors, has staged the story with dignity, and now and then even with emotion. The best scenes are those between the boy (played by a remarkable youngster, Michel Ray) and his real mother, a part done with extraordinary feeling by Yvonne Mitchell. The foster-parents are not managed quite so well by Cornell Borchers and Armin Dahlen, perhaps because the script by Jack Whittingham doesn't give them much range. They're nice people, with all the right feelings, and that's about all.

The movie gets beyond the realm of the problem drama only when the boy and his mother sit together, tied by blood and court decision, unable to converse because they do not possess the same background or language.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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TV AND RADIO

The T-Shirt Formation

RECENTLY on television we were introduced in two different dramatic shows about a week or so apart to two young men in T-shirts who were in love with two beautiful girls who were in love not so much with the young men but with the uniform they wore—T-shirts.

A young man on TV who wears a T-shirt is a nonconformist who will not permit himself to be fettered by the conventions of our decadent civilization and struggles to keep from becoming enmeshed in any confinement which will restrain the freedom of his spirit. In other words, he's a bum. And the symbol for bum on TV is a T-shirt.

The young nonconformist in the T-shirt is usually, but not necessarily, an artist. He paints not what he sees but what he feels. And he most always feels weak from hunger. And so are his paintings. Some of the other nonconformists are sometimes poets or musicians, but since it is easier for the prop man to obtain a canvas which has been liberally splattered with some grotesque smears of paint for the viewers than it is to come up with some nonconforming free verse or an esoteric symphony the nonconformist is more often an artist. Show me a young artist on TV in the standard uniform of a T-shirt and I'll show you a noncon every time.

One of these young artists showed up on the Sunday night TV Playhouse in an hour show called "A Room in Paris," the other in the U.S. Steel hour production of "The Bride Cried." The always dependable *TV Guide*, which gives advance warning of what all the shows are about, describes them better than I can. First "A Room in Paris":

"'A Room in Paris' tells of the romance of an American girl in Paris with an ex-G.I. who's studying abroad. She suspects that he's living in Paris only to escape the responsibilities that await him in America."

I saw the show and the reason the girl suspects he's living in Paris only to escape the responsibilities that await him in America is because he kept telling the girl so all through the play. But he is very much in love with the girl and he is torn between nonconforming with his art or conforming with the girl. However, some other nonconforming young American friends of his in Paris who love him dearly and would give him the T-shirts off their backs advise him to forget the girl and come with them and a young lady named, what else, Simone, to Belgium for the weekend. Or Switzerland, I think it was. And the girl conforms by taking the first boat back to America. When he returns and finds her gone that brings him around to his senses, I can tell you, and he goes back to America too. Or Brooklyn, I think it was.

If you get the feeling you've seen the picture before, or that this is where you came in, I hasten to add that our T-shirted young man gave one of the most personable nonconforming performances I've seen on television. His name, and you should remember it because he's quite an actor, is John Cassavetes. Also the name of the young lady who is quite an actress, Kathleen Maguire. One of the most poignant episodes was a getting-acquainted scene when they first met in which these two young people told each other the story of their lives. Their speeches seemed almost spontaneous, so artfully touched up were they with overlapping dialogue and honesty of performance.

"THE Bride Cried" was something else again. *TV* Guide tells it this way:

"A young small-town girl defies her parents and forsakes her local boy friends to proceed with plans to marry an irresponsible artist. The artist is currently on a tramp steamer touring the Caribbean, and isn't due back for some time."

Not only isn't he due back for some time but when this T-shirted guy does return he finds the girl is about to get married to one of the small-town young men. It is then the young man in the T-shirt says to the groom: "She'll always love me. I'll always be in her dreams." But the small-town young man in his wedding cut-away replies; "All right, if you're satisfied with a spotty existence in my wife's dreams you're welcome to it."

Used to be the T-shirt guys won the girl every time. In one week television had one of the boys turning in his shirt to get the girl, and the other one losing the girl because he wouldn't conform. Looks like a big season for neckties.

—GOODMAN ACE.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

The L. A. Job and the A-1 Man

THERE is an old tradition in circles where important assignments are conferred, that the job seeks the man, rather than vice versa. Surely there are few podiums in America now awaiting assignment that better deserve the title "important" than the one in Los Angeles which will soon be vacant after Alfred Wallenstein's long tenure. Some notable names have been mentioned for the post, including those of Eduard van Beinum and Georg Solti, who will participate in next winter's trial runs.

For that matter, it is rumored in some quarters that Eduard van Beinum has first refusal, should some way of sharing his time with commitments in Amsterdam and London be worked out. On putting that view in print recently I was quickly advised that Herbert von Karajan had already been offered, and turned down, the post. Let us say then that Van Beinum is believed to have first refusal as of now—which, after all, is what counts.

As recently reported here (by Mildred Norton, *SR* August 27, 1955), Van Beinum has won a considerable success in recent Bowl appearances. His virtues were well advertised in these pages long before. There is little question that he would adorn any job offered to him in this country, including one closer to Times Square than Philharmonic Auditorium in downtown Los Angeles. When last seen, at the inaugural concert of the Empire State Music Festival in Ellenville, Van Beinum was taking his bows in the relaxed manner of a man not at all concerned where his next bow was coming from.

Nevertheless, and with all respect to Van Beinum, isn't it possible that those charged with making this decision are overlooking, under the very shadow of its civic nose, the man to whom this particular job would be most fitting? If the job truly seeks the man, then it should be a man especially qualified, beyond question or confusion, for the special situation.

I was persuaded some years ago of the wisdom in this view by a man with a peerless knowledge of the subject, and the bank balance to prove it. He was quoting, at the moment, the engagement—against expert counsel—of Desire Defauw as conductor of the Chicago Symphony. "It won't work," he said with finality. "A German orchestra, trained for forty, fifty years by Frederick Stock after Theodore Thomas, and a Belgian conductor? Never." He couldn't look far enough into the future to perceive other, non-working engagements that followed, with Artur Rodzinski and Rafael Kubelik. But it is an interesting confirmation of his expert judgment that Chicago's current content orchestrally may be dated from the engagement of Fritz Reiner, whose reputation was made, as a young man, in Dresden.

So far as public response is concerned Los Angeles has shown in its recent response to Leopold Stokowski's Bowl appearance that he is its "boy." Relative to any other conductor of equally long public career the term "boy" might be unpardonable. With Stokowski it is an unquestionable compliment. He has long since proven that a state of suspended computation where dates and ages are concerned suits him fine. An innocent quotation of long printed data lately aroused an indignation from Stokowski still well remembered in certain parts of Florida.

SINCE no one would doubt his musical competence one may offer a few supporting arguments of other sorts. He has long been interested in cinematic matters, whether it was Greta Garbo or the tonal techniques of Walt Disney's "Fantasia." Hollywood is only now discovering stereophonic sound: Stokowski pioneered it when it was merely an annoyance rather than a nuisance. Musical films today are the bread-and-butter of the box office: Stokowski was making "The Big Broadcast of 1938" when Glenn Miller was still in hock. Who has forgotten "A Hundred Men and a Girl?" Not Stokowski, certainly, nor Deanna Durbin, not to mention millions of people and at least one music critic. As an expositor of the new, Stokowski is currently identified with Carl Orff, as he has been in the past with Schoenberg, Berg, Chavez, and others. Los Angeles's adventurous avant garde could hardly ask more.

These are all arguments in the realm of the imponderable, concerned with what might be called esthetics. They are likely to be countered in some influential circles by the objection that Stokowski is, after all, what the TV people would describe as a young, YOUNG "sixty-nine," that he can hardly expect to have ahead of him the years in which to do a truly Stokowskian job with the Los Angeles Philharmonic. (Let it be remembered that Toscanini *began* his NBC career at the same period of life.)

The enticing oddity about all of this is that Stokowski's seniority is precisely what makes him the one, the only, the logical candidate for the position. If the board of directors of the Los Angeles Philharmonic can't see the light the state authorities might hire some unused floodlights to illuminate the matter entirely.

What could be better advertising for the famed life-giving qualities of Southern California than the engagement as permanent conductor of a man whose musicmaking in this country began more than fifty years ago? A man with a strong interest in geriatrics, and a dietary sense to go with it? Could anything be better advertisement for the life-expectancy of the local gentry than a ten-year contract for Stokowski, with an option for ten more? Given a reasonable return on a not unreasonable gamble Los Angeles might well be the first community to honor, at ninety, the twentieth anniversary of its symphonic leader's services.

Where some others are concerned the suggestion might be regarded skeptically. However, Stokowski's whole career suggests a gravitation, *à la* William Randolph Hearst, to some musical San Simeon, where life would go on and on and on. In this country it would have to be either Florida, with its legendary Fountain of Youth, or California, with its climatic equivalent. A walking advertisement for either, Stokowski must surely have crossed Florida from the list after the recent indiscretion. It remains, now, only for Los Angeles to say, without delay, "I do." —IRVING KOLODIN.

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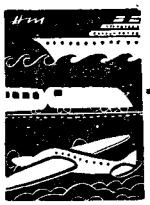

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Leave It to the People

TWO years ago on the eve of the annual mass embarkation for Europe I issued a warning in this space that the record number of Americans bound for foreign shores were bound to be faced with a record number of questions that would prove embarrassing and in many cases unanswerable. Anyone who ventured off the Nescafé-and-bottled-water Grand Tour route, as indeed most forces of international understanding had been advocating, were bound to be impaled on such sharp issues of that day as McCarran, McCarthy, Schine, Cohn, Chaplin, and that rusty old spear, U.S. movies. I was just in from a preseason tour of the Continent, pinked and pockmarked by the foreign fusillade. It looked like a rough summer.

Now in September, three fat travel seasons later, that old saw "Ami Go Home!" is about as current as "23 Skiddoo!" McCarran is dead, McCarthy is buried, Schine's in Alaska, and all's right with the world. Or almost. A new spirit of cordiality greets the American traveler. It isn't universal, it isn't overwhelming, but it beats brickbats.

How did it happen? Who is responsible?

The United States Information Agency? The people? The governments?

I would like to think that our foreign information service swung the balance, but to ascribe to it such enlarged benefits would be to place an utterly disproportionate value on its power. By this I don't imply that its efforts are useless or unfelt. If our efforts to dispense information about ourselves merely match a similar Soviet propaganda effort then we have reached a stalemate in words as well as weapons.

Any American traveling the highroads of Europe and South America could take heart from the posters on the kiosks that announce the coming of "Porgy and Bess," could take pride in the ovations that follow its arrival. And, lest the skeptics think we have sugarcoated our culture with song and dance, the world also goes out of its way to read our books. On a dark winter's night in Chile this August I was hurrying back to the hotel against the hour and the chill. The windows and the buildings were black and the cop on the corner was prepared for the night with a blanket roll slung across his shoulder. As I turned a corner a brilliant light streamed out of a storefront up the block. With most of Santiago at home at dinner I was curious to see what was so pressing to be still functioning downtown. Inside the plate-glass window a crowd was sitting at desks reading, standing in front of shelves lined with books. It was a long way from Sardi's off Broadway, or a farm in Salina, and for that matter it was 6,000 miles up the coast to a sea-washed beach in Carmel. But at dinnertime in Chile this summer a packed house had crowded into the United States Information Service Library to read books about the nation up north.

An American businessman sitting next to me at a reception in Buenos Aires a few weeks ago told me, "Don't let this outward friendly attitude fool you. They may smile at you, but they hate us. We're just Yankee imperialists. Let's face it, we patronize them all the time, but their governments are unstable and they simply don't do business the way we do."

I'm not sure that American big business abroad is a force towards world understanding. It takes a lot of humanism to comprehend that Argentina is probably no more turbulent today than we were in 1861 at a comparable period in our growth, when much of Europe thought we were certain to perish, let alone prosper.

Understanding's ultimate great hope lies not in governments which are formal and impersonal, or in business which is mercenary, or in books, for they reach too few. The great hope is the citizen, for he is the walking sum-total of all the books he ever read, films he ever saw, freedom he ever lived. He is the distillation of the ideas that nourished him, land that fed him, laws that guided him, leaders who led him. It shows in his gait, his clothes, his bearing, his attitude, his demeanor. It lies inherent in his likes, his hates, in the elements that move him and leave him cold, those that impassion him and make him tender, his callousness and his humanity.

MAN, peon or professor, has an x-ray eye for cutting through the pose or the pancake. If the world is to like us we must present ourselves as we are, not lacquered in the Hollywood mold or desecrated in the Soviet mold. While the USIA will reach the inquisitive few, the bookshelf in one lighted storefront in Chile won't accomplish what one representative traveler will do. In one trip abroad an American meets the customs man, the porter, the airport bus driver, the doorman, the bellhop, the concierge, the desk clerk, the chambermaid, the valet, the maître d'hotel, the waiter, the bus boy, the guide, the cab driver. If he travels inland by car our human export consorts with the petrol pumper, the mechanic, the wayside innkeeper. If he goes by train the European compartmentalized carriages don't permit the two-in-a-seat aloofness of American coaches. Six passengers wedged side by side, knee-to-knee in a glass cubicle can hardly ride twenty kilometers without exchanging a cigarette, an apple, an idea.

When Spain first opened for American tourists after the end of World War II I thought it would be a sacri-

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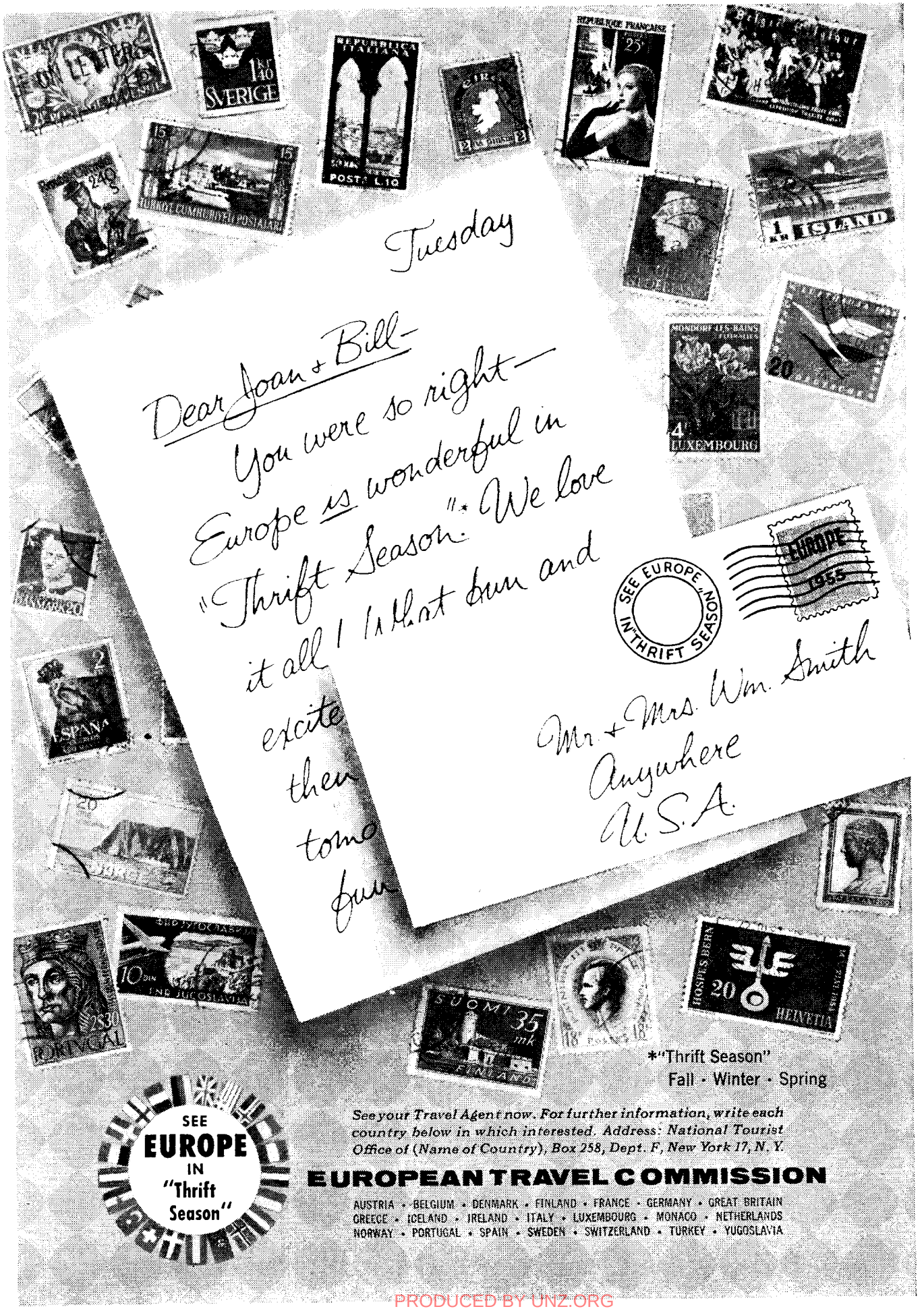
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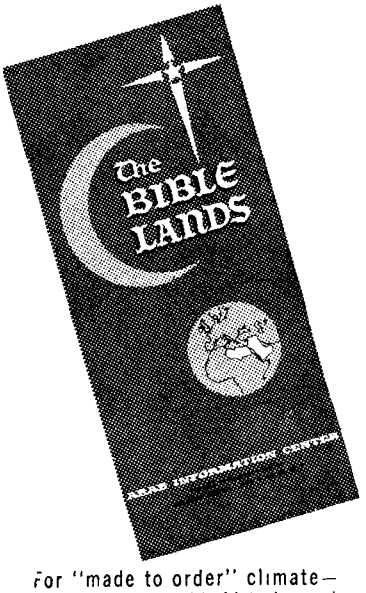

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lege to spend dollars there that would aid the Franco regime. For several years I turned aside invitations to visit there to write travel books and articles that would encourage American tourism. And then their tourist business flourished enormously in spite of my brave efforts and I ultimately followed my curiosity to Iberia. Now I am sorry I didn't go earlier for not only am I not at war with the Spanish people, but I feel every representative American who travels there now leaves an impression of what a human product of freedom looks like, talks like, and behaves.

And while our human export is leaving his own impressions of America abroad, what has his trip done for *him*? Are Gaza and Goa still strange words in a never-never land that Murrow and Swayze chat about in the evening's electronic fairytale, or are they lands where men live differently and pray differently and die for causes that in Sardi's and Salina seem useless and remote?

RECENTLY Pan American Airways asked its advertising agency, J. Walter Thompson, to conduct a survey among Pan American passengers who had flown the airline on its around-the-world flights. Here are some samples of what America had to say after returning home:

▶ A woman in Baltimore: "We treasure most the simply marvelous kindness of people in every land we visited. They looked after us and helped us willingly. We made many lifelong friends."

▶ A housewife of Jefferson City: "The greatest benefit derived from my trip was my understanding of, and love for, the peoples of other countries. How different I look at them now after seeing and meeting them in person."

▶ A man from Milwaukee: "Not either one of us had had a college education and I for one felt that greatly in my contact with people. Even though I can't brag about 'my society' I can join any conversation, be it history, economics, or politics. We met people from all walks of life, not those in high positions, but people with similar feelings about life that the average American has."

▶ A doctor in California: "It made good Americans out of both of us. We made lasting friendships with many natives of other countries and have found that we all worship the same God—He just wears different clothes."

▶ An Oklahoman summed it up with what he had come to know after circling the globe was: 1. A realization that there is good in every nation. 2. That the greatest good for each is to be found in cooperation. 3. That deep in the sub-conscious stratum

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of our living, thinking, becoming, lies a yearning for peace. 4. That none desire or would choose war. 5. That every nation has a point of view others should know and respect when laying plans for future growth and development. 6. That, though some are disappointed in us and others thoroughly disagree with our actions at times, all would desire to be friends, for 7. they do have a wholesome respect for us and our achievements.

As the scope of travel broadens so does the area of understanding. Americans are everywhere. Early this spring I watched a minked multitude from an American Export cruise liner spend a day in Communist Yugoslavia. Back aboard ship that night I heard moguls who could afford two months at sea when the rest of the country was at labor pronounce the day in the Communist state "wonderful." A dispatch from Moscow by Clifton Daniel in *The New York Times* recently stated that Russia was building four new hotels and recruiting a staff of interpreters. Intourist, the Soviet Government travel bureau, has been making noises that sound like a tourist program, and it will be no surprise if the Grand Tour will one day soon include steamer trips down the Volga.

Best of all, with each year we are sending more and more Americans abroad, citizens out of the great middle class somewhere between the poles marked by the wealthy tripper and the intellectual student, who once comprised the bulk of American passports. While we give more paid vacations transportation companies are moving to make all the world available to people who once thought the breakers at Atlantic City was as far across the ocean as they would ever venture. The steamship companies, pioneered by the visionaries of Holland America Line, have brought the tourist class passenger out of the steerage, given him 90 per cent of the ship to roam in, including a swimming pool.

Tourist-class air fares, go-now-and-pay-later plans, and, this winter, family-fares to Europe are all bringing foreign shores (and foreign understanding) to hundreds of the humble.

The tension is melting in the wheat fields of Iowa, along the Adriatic coastal towns of Yugoslavia. No other year has found more Americans in Scandinavia or more Americans tooling around the backroads of France. The advance guard has already descended on Asia chipping away at the strange ways of India. As the barriers go down, and the motors tune up, and new stamps appear in the passports, the way of the world may be left to the people after all.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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Americana

Continued from page 32

of no great importance. He goes deeply into the state's geology, which accounts not only for oil but for many other matters; the Balcones Fault line, running across the middle of the state roughly from northeast to southwest, has had an importance which the author fully appreciates. Next, he goes deeply into the old-time camp meeting, and holds that it made a lasting imprint on the emotions and thinking of Texans—particularly in giving them an allegiance to a democratic God and a mistrust of preachers with too much education. Third, he professes to see in the rise and decline of that preposterous figure W. Lee O'Daniel, former Governor and United States Senator, something highly significant. He gives much space to the O'Daniel story, which, mercifully, has already become dim to most Texans. If the O'Daniel phenomenon had any meaning at all it is simply that a comfortable majority of Texas voters can sometimes be counted on to make fools of themselves.

This is an uneven book, with slices of good stuff and shrewd observation sandwiched in between hunks of vague writing which one would expect from a hurried Yankee journalist. His study of the various cities is cocksure, but sadly incomplete. He gives much space to oil and the bones of dinosaurs, and he is properly fascinated by cotton, but he does not do so well with cattle, sheep, and goats.

Moreover, though he alludes to many prominent Texans, he wholly ignores others who have been tremendously influential—and sometimes amusing. He writes of Galveston without mentioning the Maceo boys and sin; he boosts East Texas without naming the great Longview What-Is-It?, Carl Estes; he is pleased with "dazzling Dallas," though he is silent on the Great Thinker, the moody but righteous Panjandrum of the Dallas *Morning News*, Lynn Landrum; more oddly, in discussing and generally approving Fort Worth, he performs a near-miracle by finding it unnecessary to admit that the late Amon G. Carter ever existed.

Mr. Goodwyn quotes, as if it were something unfortunate, the statement of a West Texas citizen to the effect that in his part of the state people had been too busy to produce any poets. Is this really so bad? Some pretty sound Texans, civilized fellows, are not at all disturbed because sometimes you can travel over a thousand square miles without running into a single poet, good or bad.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 638

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 638 will be found in the next issue.

GASCB LKC MCPPFBM

ENSRCK LH PQCT

MKAG HSLKPCK.

SLKT MLKECB.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 637
Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers.
—ALFRED TENNYSON.

Notes

PLAN OR ACCIDENT? Are there laws that govern historical change? That question has long perplexed historians. The role of a Guiding Hand in the growth of America, for instance, has been the focus of much interest, whether it was the Manifest Destiny that declared a continent to be ours or the Divine Purpose of the historian Bancroft.

Oscar Handlin, Pulitzer Prize winner and professor of history at Harvard, has added some interesting chapters to this ancient discussion in his **"Chance or Destiny, Turning Points in American History"** (Little, Brown, $3.75). Cornwallis at Yorktown, the Louisiana Purchase, the death of Secretary of State Upshur, the Battle of Gettysburg, the purchase of Alaska, Admiral Dewey at Manila Bay, the sinking of the *Lusitania*, Pearl Harbor—these are the incidents in American history in which, the author tells us, chance played a determining role. Each of the chapters, combining history and biography, is brilliantly written.

Laymen will enjoy this book. Many scholars, however, will be unimpressed and will question both the logic of the conclusions and the philosophy that determines them.

—RALPH ADAMS BROWN.

NEGRO LEADER: In the long and tangled history of Negro liberation in the United States the figure of Booker T. Washington stands out in magisterial relief. In the years before World War I he was the virtually unchallenged spokesman for his people, and the force of his educational and social ideas was such that they persist as centers of controversy even today.

The sheer granite of Washington's character and the success of his Tuskegee Institute contribute to his Olympian reputation. This may account for the inclusion of his biography **"Booker T. Washington and the Negro's Place in American Life,"** by Samuel R. Spencer, Jr. (Little, Brown, $3) in Oscar Handlin's Library of American Biography. It is an excellent choice, for it allows Mr. Spencer to retell the incredible story of Washington's life for those who have never read "Up from Slavery" and also to sketch with perspective the disputes that have arisen over Washington's ideas.

Born in 1856 on a small Virginia plantation, Washington began to acquire his education only when, at sixteen, he enrolled at Hampton Institute. And he did that only because of his majestic determination. In the course of his struggle to learn he evolved ideas about Negro education that later were to become the mainstays of Tuskegee. He wanted the Negro to learn the skills of husbandry and the trades so that he could raise his economic status and become thereby a more responsible member of the community. This concept of industrial education grew out of conditions in the South that Washington saw first hand; he argued that the Negro without skills was doomed to further poverty and degradation. Tuskegee was the elaboration of these ideas, and there can be no dispute that the Institute is the foundation of Washington's fame.

Washington's soundness as a racial theorist, however, is open to question. He accepted the social Darwinism of his time, and proclaimed that "the wisest among my race understand that the agitation of questions of social equality is the extremist folly." He advocated instead the doctrine of "separate but equal" citizenship. This view won the sympathy of some whites, but it did not satisfy all of the Negroes, a growing segment of whom came to adopt the less narrow outlook of W. E. B. DuBois and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. It is the philosophy of equality that, of course, has prevailed.

While Mr. Spencer writes in praise of Washington, the virtue of his book is its calm appraisal of his race philosophy. The book is thus a valuable addition indeed to understanding of how and why the Negro has grown into our culture and politics.

—ALDEN WHITMAN.

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SR's Library Poll

THE PERSISTENT need of the American people for inspiration of one sort or another is again demonstrated by the following list of books currently most in demand in the public libraries. Four of the ten general titles are of books that fall into the inspirational category, ranging from the Rev. Mr. Norman Vincent Peale's "Power of Positive Thinking," a great favorite with men, to "Gift from the Sea," Anne Lindbergh's book that appeals particularly to the distaff side.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **Not As a Stranger**
   by Morton Thompson (F)*
2. ***Gift from the Sea***
   by Anne Morrow Lindbergh (G)**
3. **Bonjour Tristesse**
   by Françoise Sagan (F)
4. **The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit**
   by Sloan Wilson (F)
5. **Something of Value**
   by Robert Ruark (F)
6. **Auntie Mame**
   by Patrick Dennis (F)
7. **Why Johnny Can't Read**
   by Rudolf Flesch (G)
8. **The Flower Girls**
   by Clemence Dane (F)
9. **Onions in the Stew**
   by Betty MacDonald (G)
10. **A Man Called Peter**
    by Catherine Marshall (G)
11. **How to Live 365 Days a Year**
    by John A. Schindler (G)
12. **Party of One**
    by Clifton Fadiman (G)
13. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
    by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
14. **From My Experience**
    by Louis Bromfield (G)
15. **Laurette**
    by Marguerite Courtney (G)
16. **No Time for Sergeants**
    by Mac Hyman (F)
17. **Grandfather Stories**
    by Samuel Hopkins Adams (G)
18. **Sincerely, Willis Wayde**
    by John P. Marquand (F)
19. **The Blackboard Jungle**
    by Evan Hunter (F)
20. **Battle Cry**
    by Leon Uris (F)

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* (F)—Fiction
** (G)—General

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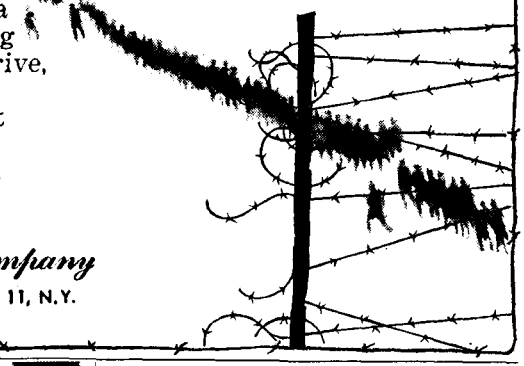

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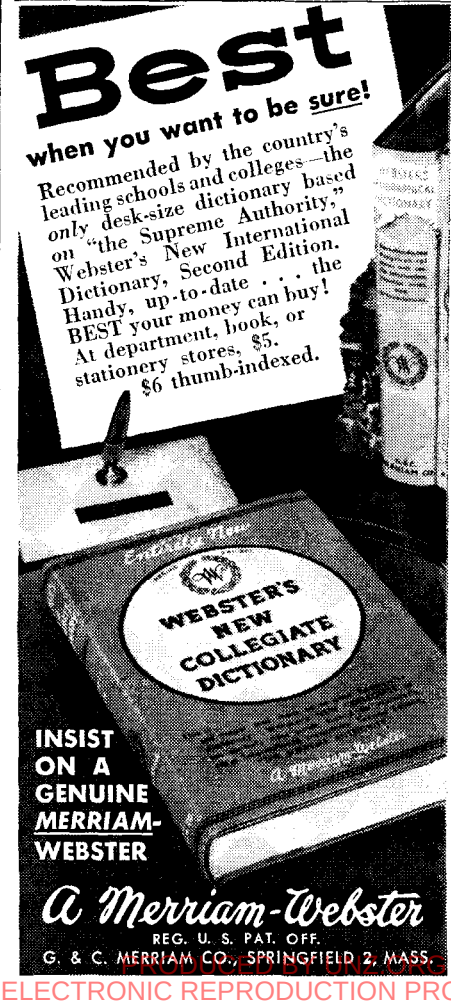

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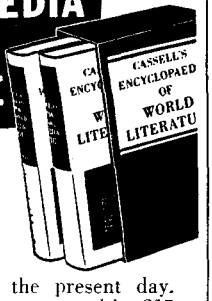

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Fiction

Continued from page 28

ple's craving for beauty threads these pages, as Sheehy's "The Black Mare" helps show. From Wilde to newcomer James Plunkett, the shanachies are here—Joyce, Stephens, O'Faolain, and the rest, all except MacManus and Colum. Compositely they have portrayed Ireland's everyman, impossible and irresistible heir of an ancient race that lived by dreams when there was no bread. More sensitively and richly than the social historians they have shown forth the way of the Gael.
—ANN F. WOLFE.

GYPSY ROMANCE: Dorothy Evelyn Smith follows a simple but effective recipe to brew trouble in her new novel, **"Huffley Fair"** (Dutton, $3.50): Mix one part honest yeoman red blood with one part Romany gypsy. This is how she mixes and stirs her ingredients: Lou's mother, the daughter of a Yorkshire farmer, ran away with a raggle-taggle gypsy, and Lou with her blue-black hair and cornflower eyes and her thin brown body led astray young Abel Gurney, the ambitious carpenter and God-fearing lay-preacher of the village of Huffam. Self-righteous Abel, savagely resentful at having to pay the price of marriage for an errant moment, took his cowering bride and left his father's house forever. The gypsy flame was beaten down in Lou, as Abel prospered in the graceless town, but it lay smoldering in the child she bore. And when Gypsy Tom whistled under Belle's window, outside in the windy night, you can guess what happened. There is, of course, a happy ending for the novel, which covers three generations and the years from 1900 to the present.

As always, Mrs. Smith writes lovingly and graphically of the English countryside, of Yorkshire village and factory town, of the annual carnival's tawdry enchantment. The book has a quiet charm. The gentle mist of romanticism which lies upon it does not dim the author's clarity of vision and the accuracy of her perception, or the vivid powers of description which she brings to this good-hearted novel. —SARA HENDERSON HAY.

WHITE MEN IN DECAY: The symbolic association of darkness with evil that has plagued the white man's relations with primitive races is exploited in the title but not in the text of Gerald Hanley's fine novel **"Drinkers of Darkness"** (Macmillan, $3.50). The polyglot group of whites and "off-whites" who run the East African plantation of Mambango need look no farther than their own souls for draughts of that darkness, but such symbolism is not thrust upon the reader. Instead, Mr. Hanley, who has farmed and soldiered in East Africa himself, explores with cool rationality the personalities of the colony's bosses. As they are planning a "real English Christmas," with roast pork and plenty of whisky, these leaders and their wives are distracted by a series of crises in their own lives and in the dimly understood lives of the black laborers.

The irony of this tense and deeply psychological story is that most of the Europeans vaguely realize that in detribalizing the Negroes, bullying them, and making wage-slaves of them, they are dehumanizing them too, creating a dumb terror that will someday rise against them. But the whites are too busy with their own civilized discontents to do anything about it; they blame it all on Communism and continue to muddle along. "Drinkers of Darkness" is no conventional shocker about the white man in tropical decay. Rather, it is a subtle criticism of the faults of European civilization. —THOMAS E. COONEY.

BOY INTO MURDERER: In **"The Loved and the Unloved"** (Harper, $3) Thomas Phillips, author of "Search for a Hero," traces the irrevocable unfolding of the years during which a boy of fourteen grows up to become a murderer at twenty-three. Max Harper is one of a family of Southern sharecroppers, living in bondage to land they never own. The harshness of his life, however, is strongly mitigated by the warm affection he inspires in others, including Mr. Acroft, owner of all the land, who treats him often like a kinsman. His only enemy, in fact, is Acroft's son Vance, whose malicious and devious mind seeks out the boy's vulnerabilities. But Vance's enmity overbalances the love of the others, and one day, in a blind release of pent-up hatred and fear, Max kills him.

While Mr. Phillips, effectively describing in an unadorned paragraph some of the adolescent chills and fevers on which Thomas Wolfe used to expend whole chapters, makes us believe on the instant in the intensity of his hero's feelings, he does not so successfully convey the situations which give rise to these feelings. With the exception of Max, in whose words the story is told, the characters are seldom glimpsed in the distinct fulness of their beings, and even in his case, the personal traits which commanded such devotion from the others are never made clear. —J. S.

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Science and Man

Continued from page 30

port helps fulfill his own prediction, that "soon . . . psychology will offer an image of man more in accord with the democratic ideals by which psychologists as individuals live."

Pseudo Science

PHONEY ANCIENT ENGLISHMAN: The record of the greatest piece of skulduggery in the history of "skullology" is given in J. S. Weiner's **"The Piltdown Forgery"** (Oxford University Press, $3.50). As a "whodunit" the story of the Piltdown forgery is unparalleled in the annals of "whodunnism." For more than forty years, ever since its discovery was announced to the world in 1912, Piltdown man was something of an enigma. Here was the fossil skull of a modern-like man of great antiquity, some said a million or half a million years) with the mandible of an ape. Either the jaw belonged to the skull or it didn't. Fossil apes are completely unknown in England. In any event, the probabilities that Piltdown man had decided to deposit his skull in one place and his mandible in another, while an ape had obligingly determined upon making it up to the skull by presenting it with its mandible, seemed so low, that no other inference appeared possible but that this jaw *did* belong to the skull.

From the beginning the jaw has been a bone of contention, but in spite of the doubters most scientists came to accept Piltdown man as the oldest Englishman—jaw and all. The "discoverer" of the Piltdown remains was Charles Dawson, a solicitor and amateur archeologist, living in Sussex. It now appears that by monkeying (so to speak) with several lots of assorted bones, the mandible of a modern orang-utan, some genuine late fossil human bones, the fossil thigh-bones of an extinct elephant, and various assorted forged flints, then planting these in the soil at Piltdown, the said Dawson managed to fool practically all experts for four decades.

Dr. J. S. Weiner of Oxford University, who was principally responsible for exposing the fraud, has written an utterly enchanting step-by-step account of the intellectual and investigative processes which led to the demotion of Piltdown man. The demonstration that the Piltdown "find" was the work of a clever forger is largely due to the fact that Dr. Weiner has a healthy disrespect for "authority." Quite a few of Dawson's acquaintances knew that he was forging the Piltdown "finds," but they said nothing. —ASHLEY MONTAGU.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

HELLO AND GOOD-BYE

Barbara K. Walker of Carlinville, Illinois, offers twenty titles, largely of books, each of which includes a term of salutation or valediction. She asks you to match the titles with the appropriate authors. If you achieve no more than twelve correct answers, toodleoo; if from thirteen to seventeen, stick around; if eighteen or better, hot diggety. Answers on page 48.

1.	"Goodbye to Western Culture"	( ) J. Kern and H. Dietz
2.	"Good-bye to All That"	( ) Algernon C. Swinburne
3.	"Good Morning, Miss Dove"	( ) Fay Kanin
4.	"Hello, the Boat!"	( ) Françoise Sagan
5.	"Good Night, Sweet Prince"	( ) John P. Marquand
6.	"A Farewell to Arms"	( ) Frances W. Grabanier
7.	"Dear Sir"	( ) George Norman Douglas
8.	"Goodbye, Mr. Chips"	( ) Lee Strout White
9.	"Ave atque Vale"	( ) Phyllis Crawford
10.	"And Now Goodbye"	( ) Robert Graves
11.	"Dere Mable"	( ) James Hilton
12.	"Hail and Farewell'	( ) Ernest Hemingway
13.	"Goodbye, My Fancy"	( ) Christopher W. B. Isherwood
14.	"Bonjour Tristesse"	( ) George Moore
15.	"Good Morning, America"	( ) Gene Fowler
16.	"Sincerely, Willis Wade"	( ) James Hilton
17.	"Hello Out There"	( ) Frances Gray Patton
18.	"Farewell, My Lovely"	( ) William Saroyan
19.	"Goodbye to Berlin"	( ) Carl Sandburg
20.	"Farewell the Banner"	( ) Edward Streeter

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Books for Young People

TWO more children's books have been awarded special honors this year. **"Cherokee Bill: Oklahoma Pacer,"** by Jean Bailey (Abingdon, 1952) received the 1955 William Allen White medal, an award made annually by the William Allen White Library, Emporia, Kansas. Children in the Kansas schools read from a selected list of titles and vote their favorite. The book, as in this case, does not have to be a current publication. **"Knight Crusader,"** by Ronald Welch, illustrated by William Stobbs (Oxford), won the annual Carnegie medal, the English equivalent of our Newbery award.

—"The Song of the Pine Tree Forest."

Reviewers for this issue: Mary Peacock Douglas, Supervisor, School Libraries, Raleigh, N.C.; Elizabeth Groves, Assistant Professor, School of Librarianship, University of Washington; Alice Brooks McGuire, Librarian, Casis Elementary School, Austin, Texas; Elizabeth Nesbitt, Associate Dean, Library School, Carnegie Institute of Technology; and Elizabeth Williams, Supervisor, Library and Textbook Section, Board of Education, Los Angeles.

—FRANCES LANDER SPAIN, *Coordinator, Children's Services, The New York Public Library.*

PLAY WITH ME. *Story and pictures by Marie Hall Ets. Viking.* $2.50. Not in a long time has there been a picture book about a little child so entirely satisfactory as this one. Delicate drawings in gray, beige, yellow, and brown, and simple, rhythmic text tell the story of a very real little girl who wanted to play with the animals she found early one morning in a dew-drenched meadow. In her eagerness she frightened them away, and it was not until she sat quietly still that they came back to her.

The artless curiosity of the small girl, her wonderfully expressive little face, and the naturalness of the animals make "Play With Me" a delight to read with little children. Mrs. Ets, whose "In the Forest" and "Another Day" have already become children's classics, again shows that she has complete understanding of a child's excitement over small things. A rare and lovely picture book. —F. L. S.

THE SONG OF THE PINE TREE FOREST. *By Dorothy Marino. J. B. Lippincott.* $2. A charming title, attractive pictures of mountain, forest, and animals, and a gentle rhythm in the telling of the story are the assets of this picture book for very small children. Three children, living on a little farm beside a little mountain, hear the "Song of the Pine Tree Forest." The very simple story tells of their search for the source of the song. As the music comes to them and vanishes, as one animal after another seems to lead them on, an expectation is aroused which is not fulfilled by the end of the story. The little child will wonder what is the song and why it meant so much. This is a pity, since pictures and story, slight though the latter is, have a degree of charm, atmosphere, and suspense.

—ELIZABETH NESBITT.

BEAR'S LAND. *By Nicolas. Coward-McCann.* $2.50. A slight picture book of Siegfried, the more adventuresome of the three bears, who dug his way out of the city zoo and set off to seek Bear's Land, where he hoped to find a polar bear's paradise. Fine line drawings reflecting much action, humor, and suggested detail, combined with strong use of yellow and blue, resulting in striking greens, make this an arresting picture book, reflecting this artist's work at its most interesting. The illustrations outweigh the text with its rather adult impli-

—From "Wings Against the Wind."
". . . reminiscent of a popular legend. . . ."

cation and denouement. May have a limited appeal as a story, but has good eye appeal as art work.

—ELIZABETH A. GROVES.

THE BABY HOUSE. *By Norma Simon. Pictures by Adrienne Adams. J. B. Lippincott.* $2. Everybody in this house, the mothers and the fathers and the little girl, loved babies. And there were many babies to love: the seven puppies, the four kittens, and the little brother. Their arrivals had been anticipated with eagerness and prepared for with care. Adrienne Adams's sensitive illustrations and the simple text convey the wonder of birth and the kinship of all young. A picture book for the littlest.

—F. L. S.

WINGS AGAINST THE WIND. *By Natalie Savage Carlson. Illustrated by Mircea Vasiliu. Harper.* $2.50. Here is an appealing read-aloud book, with a flavor reminiscent of a popular legend, which tells of some Breton fishermen, their pet sea gull Fripoun, and the villain wharf cat, Mistress Six Toes. The story is well told, building up suspense with a not too obvious climax and ending. The illustrations are numerous, with much detail and humor, though at times the sea gull looks more like a domestic duck than a gull. May be most effective if read aloud or used in story hour; will not have the wide appeal of "Alphonse, That Bearded One." —E. A. G.

ISLAND SECRET. *By Mildred Lawrence. Illustrated by Paul Galdone. Harcourt, Brace.* $2.75. An island in Lake Erie around the turn of the century is the setting for Mildred Lawrence's newest book for children. As the title implies, there is a mystery to be solved, to which Bonnie Bishop and her "malapropish" younger brother give persistent and fruitful attention.

Bonnie is what might be termed a "bossy female"—a characteristic which stands her in good stead as she helps her mother make both ends meet until her seafaring father returns from a long and mystifying absence.

There are humor, intrigue, and a well-developed plot in this story, guaranteed to hold the attention of young readers of both sexes. However, the real charm lies in the authentic atmosphere of a small resort town with its homespun characters, now largely a thing of the past and appearing only when adults commence to "remember when."

—ALICE BROOKS MCGUIRE.

A TRIUMPH FOR FLAVIUS. *By Caroline Dale Snedeker. Illustrated by Cedric Rogers. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.* $3. The hero of this impressive picture

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of ancient Rome at the height of the conquest of Greece and the destruction of Corinth is a ten-year-old boy, son of a conquering general. The story concerns the preparations for the father's triumphal return, the aristocratic Greek slave and "pedagogue" given the young boy by his father, the locating of the slave's missing wife, and the eventual freeing of both. Marked by accurate detail, an austerity of style, and economy of plot development, it carries a conviction and atmosphere that make one wish it had been developed into a story for mature readers. However, it may lead to a revival of interest in the author's earlier books on Rome. Numerous illustrations enrich the text.
—E. A. G.

THE BUFFALO TRACE. *By Virginia S. Eifert. Illustrated by Manning deV. Lee. Dodd, Mead.* $3. This, the second of Mrs. Eifert's books about Abraham Lincoln, tells of his ancestors and their trek from Virginia, through the Cumberland Gap, and into Kentucky, the promised land of Daniel Boone. Pioneer life in the closing days of the eighteenth century and the strength and courage—and some weaknesses—of the men and women who followed the wilderness road form the background of this narrative of an earlier Abe Lincoln and his family. Detailed description of the region, perceptive characterization, and interesting plot make this an exciting story to read as well as an excellent book to use in connection with Lincoln.
—F. L. S.

STORMY. *By Stephen Holt. Illustrated by Pers Crowell. Longmans, Green.* $2.50. Drawing on his youthful background on a ranch in Alberta, Stephen Holt relates the experiences of seventeen-year-old Hugh Star in his efforts to revitalize the old family ranch so that he can provide a happy home life there for his parents.

The plot, involving the usual cattle rustlers, stampede, and calf-throwing contest, sounds trite, but the story is well told and will have a high rating with the many horse and Western devotees among young readers. The fact that he does not achieve miracles inconsistent with the ability of a teen-ager, but accepts counsel and assistance from more experienced people, strengthens the story.
—A. B. McG.

THE YOUNG VOYAGEUR. *By Dirk Gringhuis. Whittlesey House.* $2.75. Based on historical fact, this story recounts the adventure of a boy who moves away from his farm home to join the famed voyageurs in those years following the French and Indian wars. His capture by Chief Pontiac's warriors and his struggle to survive make thrilling reading for any teen-age boy. The author-illustrator has illustrated many books for young people, but this is his first book for teen-age readers.
—Elizabeth O. Williams.

—*From "A Gallery of Children."*

Edouard Manet's "The Old Musician"—". . . admirable variety of interest and appeal."

THE BLOWING-WAND. *By Elsie Reif Ziegler. Illustrated by Jacob Landau. John C. Winston.* $2.75. This compelling story of Bohemian glassmaking in Ohio during the mid-nineteenth century is a worthy addition to the Land of the Free Series. It combines mystery, excitement, and romance with an informative account of Bohemian glassmaking craftsmanship. Jaroslav, a young immigrant, whose heart is set on following the trade of his great-grandfather, becomes a glassmaker's apprentice. An encounter with an unscrupulous gambler who seeks his precious secret formulas almost costs him his life and gives him a greater appreciation of friendly employe-employer relationships. Mrs. Ziegler, a direct descendant of Bohemian settlers, has written a rousing tale of Americana which should be a favorite with the junior- and senior-high-school set. Brush and ink illustrations by Jacob Landau add to the story.
—Mary Peacock Douglas.

A GALLERY OF CHILDREN: Portraits From the National Gallery of Art. *Text by Marian King. J. B. Lippincott.* $2.50. Marian King has selected from the collections in the National Gallery of Art in Washington paintings in which children are the principal subjects. The paintings are well reproduced in full page, and the selections are admirably varied.

The text accompanying each picture is headed by the title of the painting, name and dates of the artist, school to which the painting belongs, and the specific collection in which it is located. At the end of the text size and date of the painting are noted. Comment includes appreciative descriptions of the paintings, their histories, and biographical facts about the painters.

The imaginative appeal of the pictures and the interpretative quality of the text should stir the appreciation of children.
—E. N.

WESTWARD THE EAGLE. *By Frederick A. Lane. Illustrated by E. Harper Johnson. Henry Holt.* $2.75. A significant year in California history, 1845, is presented here through the eyes and experiences of a teen-age cabin boy who arrives in Monterey on a New England whaler. The central character in the story is the American consul, Thomas Larkin, a colorful and dramatic figure in early California history about whom little has been written. His idealism and diplomacy were instrumental in bringing about the annexation of California by the United States.

The historical adventures are tied together by tales of the romance, the beauty, and the carefree life of the ranchos, the presidios, and the missions. This story will be enjoyed by teen-age readers. Unfortunately, the format is neither attractive nor durable.
—E. O. W.

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Can Propaganda Make Friends?

Continued from page 20

"There is nothing wrong with our foreign policy that a good case of lockjaw wouldn't cure."

WHATEVER the merits of our foreign policy, our compulsion to keep sounding off at all times, even when the golden qualities of silence are most obvious, does us harm.

There were no U.S. propagandists at Bandung. Yet things turned out so well for us that, despite their earlier fears, Secretary Dulles and Mr. Streibert actually congratulated themselves on the outcome.

It may be a humbling thought, but if there were no USIA or State Department the anti-Communist statesmen of Asia still would fight the battle of free men. The peoples of the world do not need to be told the truth about Communism. Given a choice few would voluntarily accept Red enslavement.

In fact, the closer people are to Communism the more they hate it. In Austria, for example, our propagandists, according to a recent *Baltimore Sun* dispatch, have had an easy time of it. "They did not have to aim any of their efforts at wooing the Austrians away from the Russians," according to correspondent Howard Norton. "The Red Army took care of that when they sent Mongolian troops to seize and occupy Vienna. . . . And by the time they had finished ravishing, robbing, and terrorizing the city they had created a legacy of hatred that even the current Soviet expenditure of about $25,000,000 a year on propaganda in Austria alone has been unable to counteract to any visible degree."

But excellent as Austrian-U.S. relations are, there are a few dark spots, Mr. Norton reported. "One of these—the one causing the most worry—is the inability of Austrians to understand the relative luxury in which Americans live in their midst. The abundance of big American automobiles shipped here at Government expense for the diplomatic, military, and propaganda missions makes the American luxury vastly more conspicuous."

According to Mr. Norton, many Austrians are bitter over the contrast of their impoverished way of life with that of Americans.

Mr. Norton quoted a long-time American resident in Vienna as suggesting "that one of the best possible strokes of propaganda so far as Americans are concerned would be to cut down the amount they spend on propaganda—or at least the amount they spend keeping the propagandists comfortable."

If this is the case in Austria, imagine the feelings of Asians as they view our overseas profligacy. A prime fact of Asia is its poverty, so pervasive few Americans can quickly understand it. We should ponder the warning of Canada's Foreign Minister, Lester B. Pearson, that the West should offer more than plumbing to the East and not try to substitute "Coca-Cola for Confucious" in dealing with Asians.

THE mere presence of Americans in overwhelming numbers in world capitals has become bad propaganda in itself. Foreigners, unfortunately, have grown to resent our presence. The Communists know how to exploit resentment. In Paris even anti-Communists talk of "the American occupation." One Frenchman, pointing to U.S.-occupied buildings in Paris, recently observed to an American friend, "Even during the Nazi occupation there never were as many Germans here as there are Americans today."

Good public relations, obviously, require the immediate slashing of our huge overseas establishment. Unfortunately, however, the bureaucratic mind insists on empire-building. For example, Theodore Streibert not only is insisting on diplomatic passports for key USIA officials (against State Department opposition), he even is asking for uniforms for foreign personnel.

Congress, typically, approached this request from an economy viewpoint. One solon asked Mr. Streibert, for example, how uniforms would "help our President balance the budget?" A more important consideration is how uniforms could possibly help our propaganda. If anything, uniforms, replete with caps bearing the letters USIA, will only emphasize our propaganda, when less emphasis so obviously is in order.

Mr. Streibert testified uniforms were "a necessity" because State Department employes have them. His testimony brought into focus the incredible bickering and jealousies existing among dozens of our overseas agencies. In itself the resultant confusion has caused the U.S. to lose "face." So much so, a White House spokesman admitted, that "this friction lowers U.S. prestige abroad."

There are basic reasons why the U.S. is misunderstood abroad. They can be summarized as follows:

1. All too often our propaganda is viewed as an end in itself. Propaganda must be backed by deeds. Otherwise the words lose their impact.
2. Our propaganda appears dedicated to making others see us not as we really are but as we wish them to see us.
3. Our propagandists amateurishly attempt what professionals already do on a private enterprise, cash-on-the-line basis. The USIA press service can hardly compete with legitimate news agencies. The $6,000,000 it costs obviously could be put to better use elsewhere.
4. Our top propagandists are selected primarily because they are excellent technicians or administrators. But other, more important qualifications are needed for psychological warfare. For example, a key Voice of America executive at a recent staff conference was unable to name the countries behind the Iron Curtain. Yet this executive has much to say about what we broadcast to the enslaved people. Obviously, an electronics expert is needed in the Voice operation. A Soviet-affairs specialist is more necessary, however.

What the free world needs is not more propaganda but dramatic victories against Communism. Such victories cannot be achieved by propaganda. In the late forties, when China was falling to the Reds, the U.S. conducted a full-scale propaganda program in China, replete with plush offices and book-crammed libraries in principal cities. Why should it be assumed that the USIA can accomplish in Southeast Asia what its predeces-

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CYCLONE IN THE SOUTH

. . . The nine-foot tide,
Opaque with melted sand, . . .
Sucks at my searching feet,
Stealthy, remote. . . .

The Demon has come and gone . . .
And no one here to see
What it did but me . . .
There is not a sound, . . .
As I stoop to find
Treasures the violent stranger
Left behind.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 7, 9, 13, 14, 16, 20, 1, 18, 4, 2, 8, 6, 19, 12, 5, 10, 3, 17, 15, 11.

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sor organizations failed to do in China?

THAT dramatic victories against Communism can be achieved only by a firm foreign policy was the generally-overlooked premise of David Sarnoff's widely-publicized memorandum to President Eisenhower. General Sarnoff called for the expenditure of several billions annually for a "political offensive against world Communism." But his "offensive" could be based only on the kind of no-compromise foreign policy advocated by Senator Knowland. Which makes the President's indorsement of the plan all the more surprising.

General Sarnoff noted that our current diplomacy, while aimed at soothing world tensions, is essentially defensive. That gives it the appearance, at least, of weakness. The Kremlin, by its phony peace offensive, its recent Austrian settlement, and its recent arms offer, is outscoring us propaganda-wise.

General Sarnoff's plan also called for the cooperation of our Allies, whether they like it or not. "We need their help in this field," he said. "We are fully justified in asking for such help and ought to receive it." True enough, but suppose England, as would be likely, doesn't want to play ball. What do we do?

Questionable as are some of his specific proposals, General Sarnoff's basic thesis can hardly be argued.

"While the Kremlin has suffered some setback," he wrote, "its record in the Cold War has been strikingly one of success piled on success. This trend must be reversed to hearten our friends, dismay the enemy, and confirm the fact that Communist power is a transient and declining phenomenon."

When a golden opportunity to strike back presented itself, as during the June 1953 East German uprisings, our psychological warriors were caught off guard. Not knowing what to do, they did nothing. And the revolt fizzled, enabling the commissars to warn the enslaved peoples, in effect, "The U.S. cannot be counted on. Why rebel?"

If the peoples of Asia have lost faith in the U.S. no amount of picture books, films, and other USIA paraphernalia ever could recover that faith.

More concretely, how can the USIA be expected to "sell" U.S. support of British and French colonial policy to Asia? Or even North Africa?

Our changing Formosa policy highlights our basic propaganda problem. When Washington "unleashed" Chiang Kai-shek that policy could not be sold to Europe no matter how hard the USIA tried. Now that our policy is reverting to "containment" of the Nationalists no USIA is needed to obtain a better press in London or Paris.

But in Taipei there is such bitter, and justified, resentment towards Washington that, obviously, the best the USIA can do under the circumstances is to keep quiet. One Nationalist newspaper commented, "The U.S. is undoubtedly the most respectable nation because of her lofty ideals. But the trouble is that she can hardly translate those ideals into a dynamic and inflexible policy." This resentment has spilled over into the Philippines. *The Manila Chronicle*, editorializing on "the ever-changing American policy" towards Formosa, deplored Washington's habit of "altering policies without previous notice, without benefit of consultation (and, much less, agreement) with her weak and trusting allies."

Sheer humanity calls for propaganda which can be backed by deeds. As Stewart Alsop has pointed out, the U.S. encouraged some 700,000 refugees to flee to Southern Indochina from the Communist North. "The eager hucksters and public-relations officers in Washington even portrayed the fearful human tragedy of this mass flight as an inspiring, reassuring event—almost indeed as another Administration success in foreign policy. . . . What then is to happen to these refugees if Southern Indochina is also to fall to the Communists? They cannot be transplanted a second time. . . . Are they to be left to their cruel fate? Or are the Marines to be sent to rescue them and hold the south?"

If the U.S. is anxious to obtain the confidence of other peoples, particularly in Asia, this dilemma must be solved. No amount of propaganda will sugarcoat the immense tragedy of these refugees if all Indochina falls to the Reds.

Obviously, the reason the U.S. has been unable to sell itself abroad is we have little to sell. The U.S. happens to be foremost in the arts of public relations and advertising. But, no matter how good soap advertising at home may be, it is valueless if soap isn't available in the stores.

The time has come for our top policymakers to take a fresh look at what we're trying to sell abroad and how we're trying to sell it. Obviously, too, a thorough revamping of our propaganda is in order. Perhaps, until we have something to sell our propagandists should keep their mouths shut. And, above all, we should operate on the premise that the best propaganda is not fashioned of words but of deeds.

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(Continued from page 49)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1121

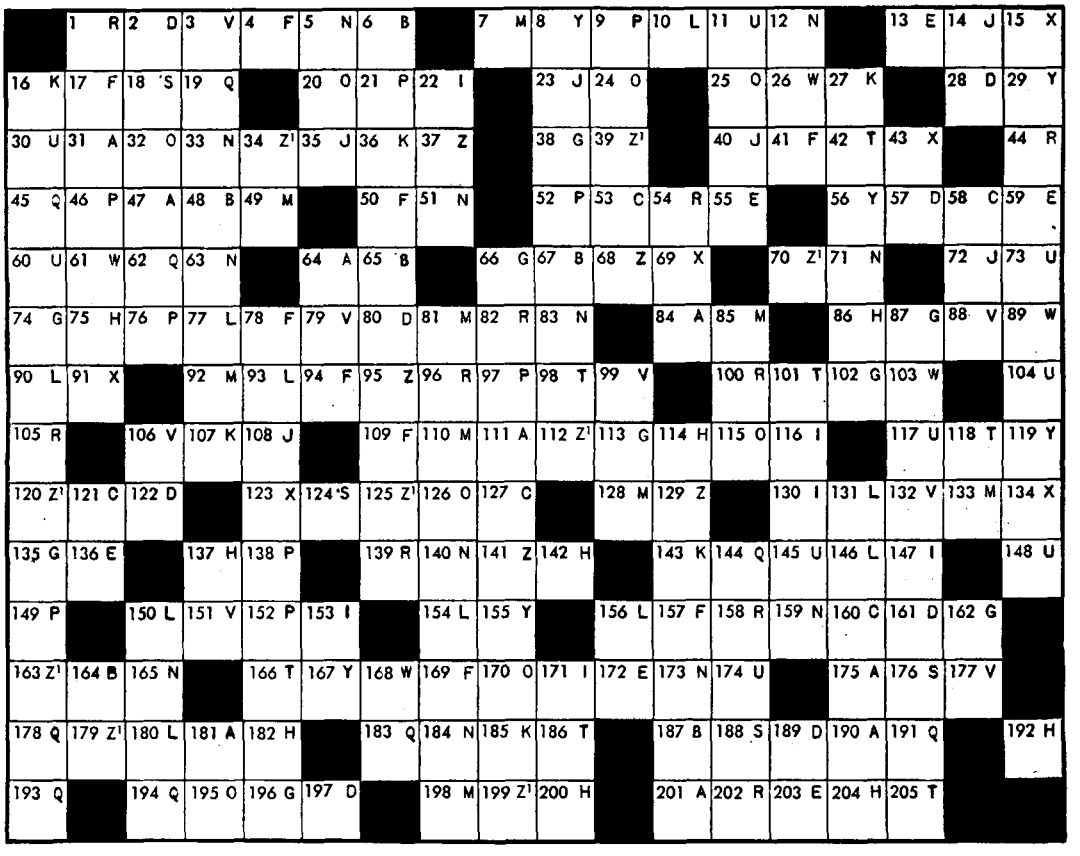
Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Writings or statements of doubtful authenticity.	175 31 84 47 190 111 201 181 64
B. Packed within another in graduated series.	164 67 65 187 48 6
C. Donkey.	53 121 160 127 58
D. Rudimentary sensations.	161 28 80 57 189 2 197 122
E. Ropes.	172 203 13 136 55 59
F. Pray for.	41 50 109 157 169 17 4 94 78
G. Antonym of capacity for dealing soundly with facts (comp.).	135 38 74 66 113 102 162 87 196
H. Render dry, emotionally, intellectually, or actually.	200 75 86 192 114 204 137 182 142
I. Fine network pattern, part of design in some postage stamps.	130 171 22 153 116 147
J. The "divine" lady to whom Voltaire wrote verses.	108 23 35 40 72 14
K. Sharpen anew.	185 16 143 107 27 36
L. One of the finest of coloratura sopranos of late years, now retired.	180 90 150 77 10 156 131 146 93 154
M. Carthaginian general, decisively defeated, 204 B.C., by Words Y and Z.	110 198 49 133 85 81 128 92 7
N. Influential editor, Hartford Conn., Sec'y of Navy 1861-9 (full name).	12 33 165 51 140 5 159 173 63 83 184 71
O. Fraught with misfortune (comp.).	195 126 32 20 115 25 24 170
P. Giddy gaiety featured by empty speech or conduct.	152 46 97 9 21 76 52 138 149
Q. One feature of both Hedda Hopper and the late Carmen Miranda (2 wds.).	194 183 45 19 191 144 62 178 193
R. Where Ferdinand's "father lies" (in Ariel's song; 2 wds.).	105 82 54 139 158 100 44 1 96 202
S. German Sanskrit scholar of 19th cent.	176 124 18 188
T. Among "my brethren" (2 wds.; Matthew 25).	101 42 98 118 186 166 205
U. Art of improving the efficiency of the memory.	30 11 145 148 104 73 60 117 174
V. One popular variety of velocipede.	106 132 151 79 99 88 3 177
W. Slang for enlistment period.	168 89 103 61 26
X. Amer. sculptor in New York, 1885.	134 91 123 43 69 15
Y. Regarded as Rome's greatest general, up to time of Julius Caesar (237-183 B.C.).	155 167 8 56 29 119
Z. Given name, Amer. poet of Amherst, Mass.; 19th cent.	129 141 95 68 37
Z¹. Honorary appellation of Word Y.	163 39 120 179 34 70 199 125 112

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 48 of this issue.

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